

# SOLOMON

DE

MUNDI VANITATE.

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P O E M A

MATTHÆI PRIOR Arm.

LATINE REDDITUM.

Per GUIL. DOBSON, Nov, Coll. Oxon. Schol.

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FILIO NATU MAXIMO;

ET

Domino FRANCISCO Baroni BROOKE.

**O** Decus Pubis geminum, inclytæque  
Spes Domûs, quæ me fimul alma nutrix,  
Me finu, vestri memorem favoris,

Fovit alumnum!

Quos virens ætas, Generisque splendor,  
Idem Amor, Virtus eadem, fitisque  
Una Doctrinæ sociavit, uno

Carminè dicam:

Dulce Par dicam; studioque fido  
Gratus orabo, ut manèant amores  
Firmiter vestri, vigeatque Laudis

Æmula Cura.

Interim huc, almi Juvenes, adeste  
Paululùm, & mecum fugitiva mundi  
Gaudia infani, nitidasque rerum

Spernite fraudes.

En!

En! ut auratos aperit colores  
Splendidis cincta illecebris *Voluptas*;  
Fronte quàm falsâ varias nocendi

Explicat Artes!

At dolos vobis speciosa Siren  
Porriget frustra; teneris ab annis  
Vos secuturos sua castra duxit

Candida *Virtus*.

Illa vos fato meliore servans  
Diriget cauto pede; lubricæque  
Inter errantes spatia ampla vitæ

Stare docebit.

Undique ardentis Juvenum catervæ  
Sentient, quid mens generosa possit  
Docta maturè sapere & viriles

Ducere mores:

Sentient, ævo viridante *Virtus*  
Pulcra quàm ridet, roseum Juventæ  
Quàm decet vultum, egregiæque formæ

Auget honorem!

Dignitatis Vestræ

Cultor Humillimus

GUIL. DOBSON.

S O L O M O N

De MUNDI

V A N I T A T E.

V O L U P T A S:

LIBER SECUNDUS.

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## V O L U P T A S: LIBER SECUNDUS.

**I** Nunc, disce moras & tædia-longa dierum  
 Fallere, sollicitæque oblivia ducere Vitæ:  
 I facilem jam quære viam; & melioribus usus  
 Auspiciis, blandæ felicia dona Salutis  
 Grata fume manu; Curarum à tramite nigro,  
 A vario errorum flexu, quem volvere suadet  
 Mens studiosa Boni, vestigia flecte nitentes  
 Ad Campos, fuavesque locos, quibus itur ad almam  
 Lætitiâ, teneros lusus, lentamque quietem;  
 Utile securus fugias, ut dulce sequaris:  
 Artis opes varias adhibe, sumptusque superbos;  
 Et domita Ratione effundat frœnâ Voluptas.

Hæc mecum --- mox, fiqua darent folatia Regum  
 Divitiæ, effrænisque immensa Superbia Luxus  
 Aggredior. --- Studia Artificum mœlesque futuræ  
 Excipiunt fessum Curis; jam tecta parabam  
 Regia, jamque Hortos; Pisces, Volucresque Ferasque,  
 Quic-

## P L E A S U R E :

## THE SECOND BOOK.

**T**RY then, O Man, the Moments to deceive,  
 That from the Womb attend Thee to the Grave:  
 For weary'd Nature find some apter Scheme:  
 Health be thy Hope; and Pleasure be thy Theme:  
 From the perplexing and unequal Ways,  
 Where Study brings Thee; from the endless Maze,  
 Which Doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd recede,  
 To the gay Field, and flow'ry Path, that lead  
 To jocund Mirth, soft Joy, and careless Ease:  
 Forsake what may instruct, for what may please:  
 Effay amusing Art, and proud Expence;  
 And make thy Reason subject to thy Sense.

I commun'd thus: the Pow'r of Wealth I try'd,  
 And all the various Luxe. of costly Pride.  
 Artists and Plans reliev'd my solemn Hours:  
 I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.  
 Birds, Fishes, Beasts of each Exotic Kind

Quicquid alit Tellus, spatiosa in Claustra recepi.  
 Quin nostro peregrina solo viget Arbor, & umbram  
 Miratur *Judæa* novam; quâ Sylva virebat,  
 Squamigeri ludunt pisces; æquantur opaci  
 Montes, ut major se exporrigat area campo.  
 Flumina ducuntur cursus oblita priores,  
 Docta novos; grato seu præcipitata tumultu  
 Desuper Unda cadit, sive eluctatur in altum  
 Sculptile per marmor, vivoque erumpit ab auro.  
 Visceribus latè spoliatis, ultima mittit  
*Africa* marmoreas rupes; jamque ardua Turris  
 Attingit cœlos, stant vasta mole Columnæ  
 Suppositæ spisso nemori, & pendentibus hortis.

Instant Artifices operi; Pariesque nitefcit  
 Illusus Calamo, Turrique inducitur Aurum:  
 Discolor hic variis nitet intertexta lapillis  
 Area; substrata hîc folio calcatur Jaspis.  
 Ipsa etiam Cedrus, centum quæ viderat Annos  
 Vertice sublimi, nemoris Regina, peritam  
 Artificis confessa manum, laquearia fingit;  
 Et raptos *Lebanus* sylvarum mæret honores.

Mille Fabri coeunt, & eburnam ad sydera turrim

Mi-



I to the Limits of my Court confin'd.  
 To Trees transferr'd I gave a second Birth;  
 And bid a foreign Shade grace JUDAH's Earth.  
 Fish-ponds were made, where former Forrests grew;  
 And Hills were levell'd to extend the View.  
 Rivers diverted from their Native Course,  
 And bound with Chains of Artificial Force,  
 From large Cascades in pleasing Tumult roll'd;  
 Or rose thro' figur'd Stone, or breathing Gold.  
 From furthest AFRICA's tormented Womb  
 The Marble brought, erects the spacious Dome,  
 Or forms the Pillars long-extended Rows,  
 On which the planted Grove, and penfile Garden grows.

The Workmen here obey the Master's Call,  
 To gild the Turret, and to paint the Wall;  
 To mark the Pavement there with various Stone;  
 And on the Jasper Steps to rear the Throne:  
 The spreading *Cedar*, that an Age had stood,  
 Supreme of Trees, and Mistress of the Wood,  
 Cut down and carv'd, my shining Roof adorns;  
 And LEBANON his ruin'd Honor mourns.

A thousand Artists shew their cunning Pow'r,

To

Mirum opus, educunt: percurrunt pectine telas  
 Mille simul Nymphæ, fucataque vellera carpunt,  
 Dulce tori thalamique decus; dum murice raptò  
 Non habet ipsa *Tyrus* mentitos unde colores  
 Lana bibat: Montesque *Afri*, *Pariique* queruntur  
 Marmoris avulsas usque à penetralibus imis  
 Radices; nec jam ulterius sua Saltibus *Indis*  
 Bellua jactatur, niveique Superbia dentis.

Jamque aderam immensi cupidis miracula Sumptus  
 Percurrens oculis --- vidi, indoluique videndo.  
 Pœnituit moles nimium accelerâsse superbas;  
 Namque Opere extructo fugit ambitiosa Voluptas.

Anxietas infesta novas volitavit ad *Ædes*,  
 Et Dolor auratum circà Laqueare pendit.  
 Quid juvat ah! Thalami Splendor? quid purpura?  
 grandi

Sæpe toro infornis membra irrequieta rotabam:  
 Hæsit adhuc mala Cura, animum comitata fugacem,  
 Limitis impatiens, & certæ nescia sedis,  
 Noctes atque dies vexans; lentoque per hortos  
 Incedens passu, vestigia pressit eunti,  
 Ambagesque viarum, altosque secuta recessus.

Quin

To raise the Wonders of the iv'ry Tow'r.  
 A thousand Maidens ply the purple Loom,  
 To weave the Bed, and deck the Regal Room;  
 'Till TYRE confesses her exhausted Store,  
 That on her Coast the *Murex* is no more;  
 'Till from the PARIAN Isle, and LIBYA'S Coast,  
 The Mountains grieve their hopes of Marble lost;  
 And INDIA'S Woods return their just Complaint,  
 Their Brood decay'd, and want of *Elephant*.

My full Design with vast Expence atchiev'd,  
 I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.  
 I chid the Folly of my thoughtless Hast:  
 For, the Work perfected, the Joy was past.

To my new Courts sad Thought did still repair;  
 And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care.  
 In vain on silken Beds I sought Repose;  
 And restless oft from purple Couches rose:  
 Vexatious Thought still found my flying Mind,  
 Nor bound by Limits, nor to Place confin'd;  
 Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days;  
 Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, and pursu'd my Ways,  
 Nor shut from artful Bow'r, nor lost in winding Maze.

Yet

Quin age, pande Sinus: aliis nova gaudia quære  
 Artibus; explora quid amabile præbeat Auris,  
 Hærentes si fortè sua dulcedine curas  
 Musica dispellat; si Carmina blanda dolores  
 Eripiant Animo. Cecinerunt sæpe Poetæ  
 Ipsa lyræ cantu mansuescere corda Ferarum;  
 Hoc suadente, Lupos torvum posuisse furorem  
 Spumantesque Urfas; ad carmina stare Leones  
 Attentos pendente jubâ; Lynceasque stupentes  
 Irarum oblitos, Citharædi lambere crura.  
 An tribuit Natura Feris minus aspera Corda?  
 Nonne etiam nostræ mulcentur carmine Curæ?

Ut dederam mandata, ad partes consona Turba  
 Quisque suas properat; resonantia temperat Æra  
 Dulce melos Citharæ: tenuem dat Dorica vocem  
 Tibia lene sonans; reddit grave buccina murmur;  
 Et misto raucarum unâ clangore Tubarum  
 Suavius argutos modulatur Fistula cantus.  
 Mane agiles Numeri lentum excussere Soporem;  
 Exortum cecinere diem, Solemque recentem:  
 Et sera optatas cum Nox induxerat umbras,  
 Suaferunt faciles molli dulcedine Somnos:  
 Necquicquam: ipsa novo pertentant Carmina luctu  
 Ægrum

Yet take thy Bent, my Soul; another Sense  
 Indulge; add Music to Magnificence:  
 Effay, if Harmony may Grief controll;  
 Or Pow'r of Sound prevail upon the Soul.  
 Often our Seers and Poets have confest,  
 That Music's Force can tame the furious Beast;  
 Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar restrain  
 His Rage: the Lion drop his crested Main,  
 Attentive to the Song; the Lynx forget  
 His Wrath to Man, and lick the Minstrel's Feet.  
 Are we, alas! more savage yet than these?  
 Else Music sure may human Cares appease.

I spake my Purpose; and the chearful Choir  
 Parted their shares of Harmony; the Lyre  
 Soften'd the Timbrel's Noise: the Trumpet's Sound  
 Provok'd the DORIAN Flute (both sweeter found  
 When mix'd :) the Fife the Viol's Notes refin'd;  
 And ev'ry Strength with ev'ry Grace was join'd.  
 Each Morn they wak'd Me with a sprightly Lay:  
 Of opening Heav'n they Sung, and gladsome Day.  
 Each Evening their repeated Skill express'd  
 Scenes of Repose, and Images of Rest:  
 Yet still in vain; for Music gather'd Thought:

B

But

Ægrum Animum, & tacitis curis fomenta ministrant.  
 Lætus quippe Sonus filo leviores refultans  
 Ocyus it, fummamque fugax prælabitur aurem;  
 Chorda gravis ferit ima animi, mœstumque dolorem  
 Incutit, atque altum figit sub pectore vulnus.

Jamque agitans mæstè mecum, quàm languet ocelli  
 Imbecilla acies, vidi; quàm incerta vagatur,  
 Utque novas quærit species spernitque paratas  
 Instabilis; piget heu! piget advertissè, sed aurem  
 Adverti miseram simili languescere morbo;  
 Illa etiam inconstans, brevibus satiata sonorum  
 Deliciis, fugit auditos, optatque recentes.

Continuò Juvenes cultos se adjungere lectis  
 Virginibus jussi, numerisque aptare Choreas.  
 Frustra! Compositos redeuntisque ordine certo  
 Culpabam motus, passosque insana querebar  
 Jura pedes: Artem observans Natura magistram  
 Imperio indecori paret, turpique laborat  
 Servitio; Indignor tantum potuissè protervi  
 Artificis digitos agiles, nervumque sonantem.

Pro-

But how unequal the Effects it brought?  
 The soft *Ideas* of the chearful Note,  
 Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot:  
 The solemn Violence of the graver Sound  
 Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting Wound.

And now reflecting, I with Grief descry  
 The sickly Lust of the fantastic Eye;  
 How the weak Organ is with Seeing cloy'd,  
 Flying e'er Night what it at Noon enjoy'd.  
 And now (unhappy Search of Thought!) I found  
 The fickle Ear soon glutted with the Sound,  
 Condemn'd eternal Changes to pursue,  
 Tir'd with the last, and eager of the New.

I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance,  
 To temper Music with the sprightly Dance.  
 In Vain! too low the Mimic-Motions seem:  
 What takes our Heart, must merit our Esteem.  
 Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a Part,  
 Forming her Movements to the Rules of Art;  
 And vex'd I found, that the Musician's Hand  
 Had o'er the Dancer's Mind too great Command.

Indulsi Cyathis; rabies mera; clamor ineptus,  
 Vanaque lætitiæ raptim fugientis Imago.  
 Credulus ah nimium! speravi pocula mæstum  
 Posse animum lenire, atraſque avertere Curas.  
 Poſt Ludos fera jam nocte licentiùs actos  
 Incertus Sopor, interruptaque Somnia turbant;  
 Jamque ubi mane novo radiis victricibus alma  
 Diſpulerat Ratio ſimulacra fugacia noctis;  
 Quid facere & fari ſuaſerunt pocula, mecum  
 Volvi animo; quales & quo de fonte Lepores  
 Fluxerunt, reputans. Riſus, Jocus ille, ſolutos  
 Qui movit, læta circum plaudente corona,  
 Forſitan Ingenii nugis ab inanibus ortum  
 Duxerat, ambiguo luſu, vel imagine falſa,  
 Improbuliſve lyræ numeris, cantuque protervo,  
 Caſta quibus metuat violari fordibus auris.  
 Forſitan heu! nimium lepidos movere cachinnos  
 Infelix Vitium, incauti levis Error Amici,  
 Quæque palàm fari Sapiens & Candidus ultrò  
 Parceret, & denſa velaret honeſtius umbra.

Quinetiam infidis Cyathis conferta malorum  
 Agmina cæca latent; hinc linguæ effuſa Venena  
 Præcipitis, vanis nunquam revocanda querelis.

Sæ-



I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas Rage; 'twas Noise;  
 An airy Scene of tranfitory Joys.  
 In vain I trusted, that the flowing Bowl  
 Would banish Sorrow, and enlarge the Soul.  
 To the late Revel, and protracted Feast  
 Wild Dreams succeeded, and disorder'd Rest;  
 And as at Dawn of Morn fair Reason's Light  
 Broke thro' the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night,  
 What had been said, I ask'd my Soul, what done;  
 How flow'd our Mirth, and whence the Source begun.  
 Perhaps the Jest that charm'd the sprightly Croud,  
 And made the Jovial Table laugh so loud,  
 To some false Notion ow'd its poor Pretence,  
 To an ambiguous Word's perverted Sense,  
 To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,  
 Offence and Torture to the sober Ear.  
 Perhaps, alas! the pleasing Stream was brought  
 From this Man's Error, from another's Fault;  
 From Topics which Good-nature would forget,  
 And Prudence mention with the last Regret.

Add yet unnumber'd Ills, that lye unseen  
 In the pernicious Draught; the Word obscene,  
 Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly

Irre-

Sæpius incauto pronum devolvier ore  
 Responsum torquetur atrox, spargitque vicissim  
 Infanas lites, alienaque jurgia Siccis.

Adde etiam exhaustas vini quòd largior usus  
 Sanguinis attenuat vires, carpitque Salutem.

Ah miserum! rabies quem cæca atri que dolores  
 Diverfis hinc inde malis involvere certant!  
 Heu! sperat Curarum haurire oblivia; nescit  
 Intereà sævo confidere funditus haustu  
 Morborum omne genus; lentæ intolerabile pondus  
 Desidiæ, Errores Animi, Cerebrique natantis  
 Somnia, quæ passu sequitur mors tarda silenti:  
 Nec videt innexis circum cratera corollis  
 Lethiferosque Angues, atraque latere Colubras.

Ecquid inexpertum restat, quod pectoris ægri  
 Mulceat infanos æstus, Curasque resolvat?  
 Restat Amor: propera, salientibus imbebe venis  
 Spem lætam, blandosque accende Cupidinis ignes;  
 Hanc tandem extremam ne parce adhibere medelam  
 Liberiore animo, totasque exquirere vires.

Quis

Irrevocable? the too prompt Reply,  
Seed of severe Distrust, and fierce Debate;  
What We should shun, and what We ought to hate.

Add too the Blood impoverish'd, and the Course  
Of Health suppress'd by Wine's continu'd Force.

Unhappy Man! whom Sorrow thus and Rage  
To diff'rent Ills alternately engage.  
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor fees,  
That melancholy Sloath, severe Disease,  
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted Thought,  
Death's Harbingers, lye latent in the Draught:  
And in the Flow'rs that wreath the sparkling Bowl,  
Fell Adders hiss, and poys'nous Serpent roll.

Remains there Ought untry'd, that may remove  
Sickness of Mind, and heal the Bosom? — Love,  
Love yet Remains: Indulge his genial Fire,  
Cherish fair Hope, solicit young Desire,  
And boldly bid thy anxious Soul explore  
This last great Remedy's Mysterious Pow'r.

Why

Quis malus hic languor? vel quæ tam fera moratur  
 Segnities? rapienda Animus cur gaudia differt?  
 Quin agite ô fidi citius properate ministri,  
 Lætitiæque alacres optata adducite dona.  
 Omnis Amicarum cætus Sponsæque frequentes  
 Indutæ nitidos, celebrent convivium, cultus;  
 Quas plaga nostra tulit, quas extera regna, volentum  
 Munera seu Regum fuerint, seu præmia Martis.  
 Ordine quæque suo nostri studiosa favoris  
 Prodeat, & meritam referet Pulcherrima palmam.

Hæc ubi dicta, onerant mensas, cyathosque coronant;  
 Unà omnes studiis favent, fremituque secundo;  
 Nec mora, progreditur Nympharum splendidus Ordo:  
 Ante alias Una arripuit tenuitque morantes  
 Ardentesque oculos: memori quàm pectore servo  
 Semina nascentis flammæ, dulcēsque dolorum  
 Primitias! Virgo plenis jam nubilis annis,  
 Gentis erat *Phariæ*: quæ læti gratia vultus  
 Spirabat! quæ forma! ut mollia membra movebat,  
 Incessu facili gressus ornata decoros!  
 Pectore candenti teretes tumuere papillæ,  
 Nec Zona cohibente: fluebat nigra soluto  
 Cæsaries nodo, multoque errabat in orbe  
 Per nitidos diffusa humeros & lactea Colla.

Ore

Why therefore hefitates my doubtful Breast?  
 Why ceases it one Moment to be blest?  
 Fly swift, my Friends; my Servants, fly; imploy  
 Your instant Pains to bring your Master Joy.  
 Let all my Wives and Concubines be drefs'd:  
 Let them to-night attend the Royal Feast;  
 All ISRAEL's Beauty, all the foreign Fair,  
 The Gifts of Princes, or the Spoils of War.  
 Before their Monarch They shall singly pass;  
 And the most Worthy shall obtain the Grace.

I said: the Feast was serv'd: the Bowl was crown'd:  
 To the King's Pleasure went the mirthful Round:  
 The Women came: as Customs wills, they pass:  
 On One (O that distinguish'd One!) I cast  
 The fav'rite Glance: O! yet my Mind retains  
 That fond Beginning of my infant Pains.  
 Mature the Virgin was of EGYPT's Race:  
 Grace shap'd her Limbs; and Beauty deck'd her Face;  
 Easy her Motion seem'd, serene her Air:  
 Full, tho' unzon'd, her Bosom rose: her Hair  
 Unty'd, and ignorant of artful Aid,  
 Adown her Shoulders loofely lay display'd;  
 And in the Jetty Curls ten thousand CUPIDS play'd.

C

Fix'd

Ore avido intuitus Nympham, placidoque beatus  
 Vulnere, adeste (inquam) nascentem augete Sodales  
 Lætitiâ, mollique toro properate recentes  
 Accumulare rofas, dum prodiga veris odori  
 Copia deficiat; lasciva in tempora Myrrhæ  
 Lacrymulas suavemque Electri fundite rorem,  
 Fundite opes *Arabum* varias: date carmen amicum,  
 Et pulsate lyram fidibusque adjuncta canoris  
 Tympana; Tuque ades, ô formæ pulcherrima Virgo,  
 Tu, cujus rosea ora & clari fulgur ocelli  
 Delicias spirant, toto quas pectore Princeps  
 Exoptat: palmam referas, atque annue votis.  
 O Virgo ante aliâs, quam regius ardet Amator,  
*Eoum* qui sceptrâ quatit metuenda per orbem!

Sic fatus, Solioque simul delapsus ab aureo,  
 Passu humili accedens, oblâti pignus amoris  
 Tendebam supplex; altæque Insignia Frontis  
 Exutus, Nymphæ crines ornare parabam,  
 Sollicito prodens ardentia pectora vultu.  
 O Virgo dilecta (iterumque iterumque rogabam)  
 Indue, quam merita es, palmam, & spectanda decoræ  
 Præmia frontis habe; Sociis prælata puellis  
 Splendebis; Sociæ peragent tua iussa puellæ.  
 Surge age, deliciæ; sequere ô mea sola voluptas! Pro-

Fix'd on her Charms, and pleas'd that I could love,  
 Aid me my Friends, contribute to improve  
 Your Monarch's Bliss, I said; fresh Roses bring  
 To strow my Bed; 'till the improv'd Spring  
 Confess her Want; around my am'rous Head  
 Be dropping Myrrhe, and liquid Amber shed,  
 'Till ARAB has no more. From the soft Lyre,  
 Sweet Flute, and ten-string'd Instrument, require  
 Sounds of Delight: and Thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh;  
 Thou, in whose graceful Form, and potent Eye  
 Thy Master's Joy long sought at length is found;  
 And as thy Brow, let my Desires be crown'd;  
 O fav'rite Virgin, that hast warm'd the Breast,  
 Whose sov'reign Dictates subjugate the East!

I said; and sudden from the golden Throne  
 With a submissive Step I halted down.  
 The glowing Garland from my Hair I took,  
 Love in my Heart, Obedience in my Look;  
 Prepar'd to place it on her comely Head:  
 O fav'rite Virgin! (yet again I said)  
 Receive the Honors destin'd to thy Brow;  
 And O above thy Fellows happy Thou!  
 Their Duty must thy sov'reign Word obey.  
 Rise up, my Love; my fair One, come away.      What

Protinus heu! quantus dolor ingruit! ut furor ardens  
 Invasit sensus, & perculit intima cordis;  
 Cum sertum abjecit Virgo, fastuque modesto  
 Tristior, avertens candentia colla, refugit!

Luſtantem juffit celare Superbia curam;  
 Ægrum animum queror, & fomni Solatia poſco:  
 Mox Epulas medias dejectâ fronte reliqui  
 Sollicitus; fidæque dedi mandata Cohorti,  
 Qui ſervant noſtras veteri de more puellas,  
 Ut ducant Nympham thalami in ſecreta, toriſque  
 Ornatis Dominum inſtantem ſperare juberent.

Anxius atque moræ impatiens (Amor Iraq; mentem  
 Præcipitant) Nympham ſequor indefeffus iniquam;  
 Acceſſi doniſque petens precibusque fatigans,  
 Imbellesque iterum gemitus & mollia vota  
 Turpiter effudi; querulo jam murmure ſupplex,  
 Elatâ mox voce minans: neglectaque dona  
 Ante pedes iterum poſui; ſeu mallet Amoris  
 Cedere deliciis, ſeu certæ occumbere morti.

Illa ſed inviſtas aures inimica tenebat;  
 Et paulûm avertens, irâ miſtoque dolore,

Occu-



What Pang, alas! what Ecstasy of Smart  
 Tore up my Senses, and transfix'd my Heart;  
 When She with modest Scorn the Wreath return'd,  
 Reclin'd her beauteous Neck, and inward mourn'd?

Forc'd by my Pride, I my Concern suppress'd,  
 Pretended Drowfiness, and Wish of Rest;  
 And fullen I forsook th' Imperfect Feast:  
 Ordering the Eunuchs, to whose proper Care  
 Our Eastern Grandeur gives th' imprison'd Fair,  
 To lead Her forth to a distinguish'd Bow'r,  
 And bid her dress the Bed, and wait the Hour.

Restless I follow'd this obdurate Maid  
 (Swift are the Steps that Love and Anger tread)  
 Approach'd her Person, courted her Embrace,  
 Renew'd my Flame, repeated my Disgrace:  
 By Turns put on the Suppliant, and the Lord:  
 Threaten'd this Moment, and the next implor'd;  
 Offer'd again the unaccepted Wreath,  
 And Choice of happy Love, or instant Death.

Averse to all her am'rous King desir'd,  
 Far as She might, She decently retir'd:

And

Occupat, Hic ille est SOLOMON? totumque per orbem  
Hæc memorata adeo magni Sapiencia Regis?

Te coram hoc imbelle vides horrescere corpus;  
Id Fortuna potest; nescit mens libera frangi;  
Victorisque minas & inania vincula temnit.

Te Fama est, Vatum Princeps, Te posse Deorum  
Abdita, naturamque Hominum, moresque Ferarum  
Pandere; Te docto sermone exponere cæci  
Ut turbant animum Affectus, utque arbitra fluctus  
Componit Ratio; arrectæque edicere turbæ  
Quo veniant de fonte & Amara & Dulcia Vitæ:  
Grande Tibi Imperium efferri, mundique capacem  
Latiùs expatiari animum; Teque optima lætos  
Per populos dare jura. Ubi nunc celebrata potentis  
Vis animi, dubiisque sagax Prudentia rebus?  
Heus ubi nunc, Judex Populi venerande, vagatur?  
Quid tibi mens agitat? quid jam meditaris? Amorem?  
Res Amor incerta est: hac unâ ab origine luctus  
Gaudiaque exundant; varios hinc Vita colores  
Induitur; tristisque dies vel candidus ibit,  
Explicat ut facilis vel contrahit ora Cupido.

Ille

And darting Scorn, and Sorrow from her Eyes,  
What means, said She, King SOLOMON the Wife?

This wretched Body trembles at your Pow'r:  
Thus far could Fortune: but She can no more.  
Free to her self my potent Mind remains:  
Nor fears the Victor's Rage, nor feels his Chains.

'Tis said, that Thou can'st plaufibly dispute,  
Supreme of Seers, of Angel, Man, and Brute;  
Can'st plead, with subtil Wit and fair Discourse,  
Of Passion's Folly, and of Reason's Force.  
That to the Tribes attentive Thou can'st show,  
Whence their Misfortunes, or their Blessings flow.  
That Thou in Science, as in Pow'r art great;  
And Truth and Honour on Thy Edicts wait.  
Where is that Knowledge now, that Regal Thought,  
With just Advice, and timely Counsel fraught?  
Where now, O Judge of ISRAEL, does it rove—  
What in one Moment dost Thou offer? Love—  
Love? why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife:  
'Tis all the Color of remaining Life:  
And Human Mis'ry must begin or end,  
As He becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend.

Would

Ille pius sanctusque excelsi DAVIDIS Hæres  
 Ancillam, Ignotamque, & sacra aliena colentem,  
 Ad summi veneranda Tori fastigia ducet?  
 Aut concede tuâ periisse hæc nomina flammâ,  
 Atque instar lethi discrimina tollere Amorem;  
 Dum tamen indomitas misero sub pectore vires  
 Exercet, Tu sola Deum per vulnera sentis;  
 Sæviet implacatus adhuc; frontem usque severam  
 Contrahet, atra mei nisi vincant nubila Ritus.

Sponte sua surgens Amor, ut radicibus Arbos  
 Partitis, gemino vires de pectore ducit,  
 Æqua utrinque; alimenta trahens; dum pectora flammâs  
 Utraque dant similes, & mutua gaudia miscet.  
 Donec Spes foveat jucunda & læta Voluptas,  
 Germina se expandunt viridantia, prodiga multis  
 Floribus, & circum suaves funduntur odores.  
 Pabula sin blanda hæc desint, hic mutuus ardor  
 Deficiat; languet collapsa vertice Planta,  
 Nudaque Spe, lento confecta dolore, recumbit.

Vi sævâ vin'clisque immitia corda ferarum  
 Vincimus: expugnant Humanum Mollia pectus.  
 Nil profecturas age fortiter exere vires,

Ira

Would DAVID's Son, religious, just, and grave,  
 To the first Bride-bed of the World receive  
 A Foreigner, a Heathen, and a Slave?  
 Or grant, Thy Passion has these Names destroy'd;  
 That Love, like Death, makes all Distinction void;  
 Yet in his Empire o'er Thy abject Breast,  
 His Flames and Torments only are exprest:  
 His Rage can in my Smiles alone relent;  
 And all his Joys solicit my Consent.

Soft Love, spontaneous Tree, it's parted Root  
 Must from two Hearts with equal Vigour shoot:  
 Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives  
 The pleasing Ecstasy, which each receives:  
 Cherish'd with Hope, and fed with Joy it grows:  
 It's chearful Buds their opening Bloom disclose;  
 And round the happy Soil diffusive Odor flows.  
 If angry Fate that mutual Care denies;  
 The fading Plant bewails it's due Supplies:  
 Wild with Despair, or sick with Grief, it dies.

By Force Beasts act, and are by Force restrain'd:  
 The Human Mind by gentle Means is gain'd.  
 Thy useless Strength, mistaken King, employ:

D

Sated

Irâ animum fatians; nec inania gaudia speres  
 Virgine ab invitâ; spolia licet invidus arva,  
 Non messlem referes optatam. En! aspice regni  
 Quam tibi sint arcti fines: Te torva tuentem  
*Judæi* metuant, patriâque superbus in Aulâ  
 Se jactet SOLOMON: sed lætâ fronte petendus  
 Mollis Amor; folium lentis accede verendum  
 Passibus; utque abeas felix, assuesce placere.

Nil tamen hîc artes poterunt præstare placendi:  
 Est mihi, qui dudum sibi me devinxit; amores  
 Abstulit Ille meos: nec Jussâ minæque feroces  
 Abrumpent fœdus, patriis quod carus in oris  
 Mecum iniit Juvenis: junxit data dextra vicissim  
 Concordes; neque vana animos fiducia fallit.  
 Ad superas arces se mutua vota ferebant,  
 Cœlituumque Cohors libratam utrinque bilanci  
 Spectavere fidem, lætùm plaudentibus alis,  
 Fædera que æternis servârunt condita fastis.

Quin age, jam gladius præcordia transeat; aufer  
 His oculis dudum contemptæ munera lucis:  
 Me moriente tui malefânos pectoris ignes  
 Extinguas, sævæque odium immutabile Nymphæ;

San-

Sated with Rage, and ignorant of Joy,  
 Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield;  
 Nor reap the Harvest, tho' Thou spoil'st the Field.  
 Know, SOLOMON, Thy poor Extent of Sway;  
 Contract thy Brow, and ISRAEL shall obey:  
 But wilful Love Thou must with Smiles appease;  
 Approach his awful Throne by just Degrees;  
 And if Thou would'st be Happy, learn to please.

Nor that those Arts can here successful prove:  
 For I am destin'd to another's Love.  
 Beyond the cruel Bounds of Thy Command,  
 To my dear Equal, in my Native Land,  
 My plighted Vow I gave: I His receiv'd:  
 Each swore with Truth: with Pleasure each believ'd.  
 The mutual Contract was to Heav'n convey'd:  
 In equal Scales the busy Angels weigh'd  
 It's solemn Force, and clap'd their Wings, and spread  
 The lasting Roll, recording what We said.

Now in my Heart behold Thy Poynard stain'd:  
 Take the sad Life which I have long disdain'd:  
 End, in a dying Virgin's wretched Fate,  
 Thy ill-starr'd Passion, and My steadfast Hate.

Sanguis enim errantes animato in corpore venas  
 Dum movet, extremusque regit mihi spiritus artus,  
 (Obtestor metuenda *Aegypti* Numina) sævis  
 Te sequar usque odiis; Tu spe languebis ademptâ.

Quin ferias, inquit; nudumque ad vulnera pectus  
 Exposuit: memoretur in ultima sæcula fastis  
 Judaicis, Stimulante libidine, *DAVIDE* natum.  
 Sanguineâ jugulâsse manu, sua gaudia, servam.

Mox lecto exiliens, trepidus victusque pudore,  
 Sic mecum: heu! nimio languescens pectora luxu,  
 Exere te, *SOLOMON*, lapsamq; recollige mentem;  
 Tecum agita, & taciti nascentur sponte dolores.  
 Per longam annorum seriem cum vana voluptas  
 Spes avidas umbrâ duxit fugiente, (superbum  
 Sic *Fortuna* animum illudit) quod pectore toto  
 Optavi impatiens, habet improba *Nympha*, negatque.  
 Ergone me *Regem Judei*, inene fatentur  
 Gentes? & mea vox trepidantia flamina vitæ  
 Conservat dirimitque, ancillam corpore flexo  
 Dum veneror, ridetque meas *Virguncula* vires?

An



For long as Blood informs these circling Veins;  
 Or fleeting Breath it's latest Pow'r retains;  
 Hear me to EGYPT's vengeful Gods declare,  
 Hate is My Part: be Thine, O King, Despair.

Now strike, She said, and open'd bare her Breast:  
 Stand it in JUDAH'S Chronicles confest,  
 That DAVID'S Son, by impious Passion mov'd,  
 Smote a She-Slave, and murder'd what He lov'd.

Asham'd, confus'd I started from the Bed;  
 And to my Soul yet uncollected said:  
 Into Thy self, fond SOLOMON, return;  
 Reflect again, and Thou again shalt mourn.  
 When I through number'd Years have Pleasure fought;  
 And in vain Hope the wanton Phantom caught;  
 To mock my Sense, and mortify my Pride,  
 'Tis in another's Pow'r, and is deny'd.  
 Am I a King, great Heav'n! does Life or Death  
 Hang on the Wrath, or Mercy of My Breath;  
 While kneeling I My Servant's Smiles implore;  
 And One mad Dam'sel dares dispute My Pow'r?

To

An rapiam invitam? fugiat tam turpis Imago!  
 Hoc prono pecori Me æquaverit. — Anne remittam?  
 O! quas ad terras, atque hei mihi, cujus in ulnas?  
 Illuc quâ SOLOMON nunquam vestigia figet;  
 Brachia quâ Juvenis ferventia pandet amatus,  
 Cui servans decus Illa suum, mea munera spernit.

Improbe Amor, quales misero de corde triumphos  
 Sævus agis! quam triste jugum! quam cuspis iniqua!  
 Illæsus vivit, qui fræna audire recusat;  
 Et lacerant fidos asperriima vulnera servos.

En! Tibi *Judææ* Princeps dat colla; quid optes  
 Nobilius? spolia unde magis memoranda reportes?  
 Cur Nympha usque adeo sævam intraçtabilis aurem  
 Obstruit oranti, neque regia vota moratur?  
 Nescio quem vilem populi de fæce Bubulcum  
 Cur petit, ardentesquæ amplexus DAVIDE nati  
 Contemnit? demens, quæ Principis atria spernat,  
 Quâ pompam inter opesque effusaque gaudia lætus  
 Regnat Amor. Casa nimirum, Casa fordida, summo  
 Monte tremens, ventis sævoque obnoxia cœlo,  
 Avocat; hîc vivos compescet pectoris ignes  
 Res angusta domi, veneremque extinguet egestas.

Ah

To Ravish Her? That Thought was soon depress'd,  
 Which must debase the Monarch to the Beast.  
 To send Her back? O whither, and to whom?  
 To Lands were SOLOMON must never come;  
 To that Insulting Rival's happy Arms,  
 For whom, disdaining Me, She keeps her Charms.

Fantastic Tyrant of the am'rous Heart;  
 How hard Thy Yoke! how cruel is Thy Dart!  
 Those 'scape Thy Anger, who refuse Thy Sway;  
 And those are punish'd most, who most Obey.

See JUDAH's King revere thy greater Pow'r:  
 What can't Thou covet, or how triumph more?  
 Why then, O LOVE, with an obdurate Ear  
 Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's Pray'r?  
 Why to some simple Shepherd does She run,  
 From the fond Arms of DAVID's Fav'rite Son?  
 Why flies She from the Glories of a Court,  
 Where Wealth and Pleasure may Thy Reign support,  
 To some poor Cottage on the Mountain's Brow,  
 Now bleak with Winds, and cover'd now with Snow:  
 Where pinching Want must curb her warm Desires,  
 And Household Cares suppress Thy Genial Fires?

Too

Ah nimis! imperium viresque fatentur Amoris  
 Sollicitæ Gentes, fanis quæ numen adorant :  
 Gnara Dei vultus vivo de marmore ducit  
*Græcia*, vel fuso spirantem ostendit in auro;  
 Quém *Cyprus* colit, atque aris imponit honorem.  
 Arcum dextra minax gestat, lævoque pharetra  
 Ex humero latus ad medium demissa, sagittas  
 Sustinet, immitis lacrymosa Insignia regni.  
 Infidet ala duplex humeris, quas Ille fugaces  
 Jam movet accelerans; reduces mox flectere gaudet;  
 Huc, illuc, utcunque animum regit aura protervum.  
 Sic mihi, sic sese Deus obtulit improbus, ex quo  
 Jam primùm visâ concepi Virgine flammæ.  
 Transfixit pectus, celerique avertitur alâ;  
 Dira hominum pestis! pereant, precor, aspera tela,  
 Quæ fixere meo tantum sub pectore vulnus!  
 O! utinam mea vota fugam tardare valerent!  
 Lassatus trepides, pennâ languente moreris,  
 Ni cursum huc teneas, versamque reducere Nympham  
 Approperes, ægro meditans solatia Regi.

[Nymphæ

Dum luctantem animam premerent hæc vincula,  
 Heu! frustra cupidam, meditantem oblivia frustra;  
 Hinc Ratio admonuit, sed fortius institit illinc

Sævus

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove  
 The Force, while they erect the Shrines of LOVE.  
 His Mystic Form the Artizans of GREECE  
 In wounded Stone, or molten Gold express:  
 And CYPRUS to his Godhead pays her Vow:  
 Fast in his Hand the Idol holds his Bow:  
 A Quiver by his Side sustains a Store  
 Of pointed Darts; sad Emblems of his Pow'r:  
 A pair of Wings He has, which He extends  
 Now to be gone; which now again He bends  
 Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton Ends. }  
 Entirely thus I find the Fiend pourtray'd,  
 Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous Maid:  
 I felt Him strike; and now I see Him fly:  
 Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lye  
 Those fatal Shafts, by which I inward bleed!  
 O! can my Wishes yet o'ertake thy Speed!  
 Tir'd may'st Thou pant, and hang thy flagging Wing; }  
 Except Thou turn'st Thy Course, resolv'd to bring  
 The Dam'sel back, and save the Love-sick King. }

My Soul thus strugling in the fatal Net,  
 Unable to enjoy, or to forget;  
 I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;

E

Sent

Sævus Amor: fluitante animo, mutabar in horas.  
 Curarum indomitus cum tandem involveret Æstus  
 Spe nudum, vici cedendo obstantia Fata.  
 Longa Dies curas paulatim absterfit eundo,  
 Collectasque iterum Sapientia duxit habenas.

At brevia heu! longos abrumpunt otia luctus;  
 Tarda venit requies; celeri pede Cura recurrit.  
 Altera mox Virgo (sic invida fata volebant  
 Pascere idem in venis aliâ sub imagine vulnus)  
 Altera formosas Virgo comitata cohortes,  
 Quas inter vacuas fallebam suaviter horas,  
 Ante alias semper sese obtulit impigra, Iussa  
 Præveniens, motusque oculi servabat herilis;  
*Abra* (hoc nomen erat) cômès adstitit usque parato  
 Obsequio; prima accessit, postrema reliquit.  
*Abra* animo vigili prævertit verba vocantis,  
 Et quamvis aliam accirem, tamen adfuit *Abra*.

Sollicito ardentem studio videre puellam  
 Jamdudum æquales: risum officiosa movebat  
 Sedulitas; me verò haudquaquam infueta videntem  
 Impatiens labor iste operosaque Cura latebat.  
 Dum tandem admonuit Fama, insolitosque ministræ  
 Ipse etiam sensi fervere conscius ignes. Cum

Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd:  
 'Till hopeless plung'd in an Abyss of Grief,  
 I from Necessity receiv'd Relief:  
 Time gently aided to assuage my Pain;  
 And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd Rein.

But O how short My Interval of Woe!  
 Our Griefs how swift; our Remedies how slow!  
 Another Nymph (for so did Heav'n ordain,  
 To change the Manner, but renew the Pain)  
 Another Nymph, amongst the many Fair,  
 That made My softer Hours their solemn Care,  
 Before the rest affected still to stand;  
 And watch'd my Eye, preventing My Command.  
 ABRA, She so was call'd, did soonest hast  
 To grace my Presence; ABRA went the last;  
 ABRA was ready e'er I call'd her Name.  
 And tho' I call'd another, ABRA came.

Her Equal first observ'd her growing Zeal;  
 And laughing gloss'd, that ABRA serv'd so well.  
 To Me her Actions did unheeded dye,  
 Or were remark'd but with a common Eye;  
 'Till more appris'd of what the Rumour said,  
 More I observ'd peculiar in the Maid. The

Cum Sol occiduum pronus jam sparferat ignem,  
 Tranquillâ sub nocte negotia longa dici  
 Diluere, atque animo volui dare fessus habenas,  
 Fæmineis secreta fovens convivia tectis.  
 Accumbens purgare manus lustralibus undis  
 (Sic veneranda jubent legum mandata) parabam.  
*Abra* suas tum fortè vices fortita, recentem  
 Ritè dabat lympham & dulces miscebat odores.

Mox humiles demissa genas & supplice passu  
 Lenta aderat Virgo, pronoque in vertice dulces  
 Infundens latices, trepidabat corpore toto.  
 Jamque meos, inhians vultus ardensque tuendo,  
 Conscia mox oculos raptim revocabat, & imo  
 Necquicquam obluſtans suspiria corde trahebat.  
 Unde, inquam, innocuæ veniant tibi, Nympha, dolores?  
 Curarum vanâ cur ludis imagine? Vitæ  
 Secreto sic calle latens, Tu pectoris æstus  
 Noſtin'? Tu curasque & gaudia, spesque metusque?  
 Nimirum tuto sub pectore, blandula Virgo,  
 Cor tibi molle latet, Veneris neque palpitât ictu.

Erubuit, linguâ titubante locuta; Pudorque  
 Ornavit fractam vocem & trepidantia verba.

Sup-



The Sun declin'd had shot his Western Ray;  
 When tir'd with Bus'ness of the solemn Day,  
 I purpos'd to unbend the Evening Hours,  
 And banquet private in the Women's Bow'rs.  
 I call'd; before I sat, to wash My Hands:  
 For so the Precept of the Law commands.  
 LOVE had ordain'd, that it was ABRA'S Turn  
 To mix the Sweets, and minister the Urn.

With awful Homage, and submissive Dread  
 The Maid approach'd, on my declining Head  
 To pour the Oyls: She trembled as She pour'd;  
 With an unguarded Look She now devour'd  
 My nearer Face: and now recall'd her Eye,  
 And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden Sigh.  
 And whence, said I, canst Thou have Dread, or Pain?  
 What can thy Imag'ry of Sorrow mean?  
 Secluded from the World, and all it's Care,  
 Hast Thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?  
 For sure, I added, sure thy little Heart  
 Ne'er felt LOVE'S Anger, or receiv'd his Dart.

Abash'd She blush'd, and with Disorder spoke:  
 Her rising Shame adorn'd the Words it broke.

IF

Supplicis ancillæ series miseranda dolorum  
 Si fortè attentas intrabunt Principis aures,  
 Ah! ne, dum referat, vultum indue, quo trepidantes  
 Per populos das jura; Superciliique minacis  
 Absint horrentes rugæ, frontisque verenda  
 Majestas; & amica exporrigi mitius ora.

Est mandare Tuum; mihi Jussa capeffere fas est:  
 Et quanquam ah! renovem crudelia vulnera fando;  
 Si modò Tu facilem vultum præbere querenti  
 Digneris, luctus si Rex miseretur obortos,  
 Perfruar his lacrymis & fundam fræna dolori.

Te, Tellus, & Vos, ô conscia sydera, testor,  
 Celari neque enim fas est; incendor amore:  
 Si fit amor, venis effrænem agitare furorem,  
 Et sine Spe miserum nutrire in pectore vulnus.

Magne Parens, animas hominum qui numine torques  
 Occulto, varioque doces se flectere motu;  
 Cur blanda avertens morbo medicamina, tantis  
 Abjungis spatii causam finemque dolorum?  
 Ille, meo sævos qui pectore fuscitat ignes,  
 Splendentique oculo neglectam heu! perculit *Abram*;  
 Ob-

If the great Master will descend to hear  
 The humble Series of His Hand-maid's Care;  
 O! while She tells it, let him not put on  
 The Look, that awes the Nations from the Throne:  
 O! let not Death severe in Glory lye  
 In the King's Frown, and Terror of his Eye.

Mine to obey; Thy Part is to ordain:  
 And tho' to mention, be to suffer Pain;  
 If the King smiles, whilst I my Woe recite;  
 If weeping I find Favor in His Sight;  
 Flow fast my Tears, full rising his Delight.

O! Witness Earth beneath, and Heav'n above;  
 For can I hide it? I am sick of Love:  
 If Madness may the Name of Passion bear;  
 Or Love be call'd, what is indeed Despair.

Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret Will controlls  
 The inward Bent and Motion of our Souls!  
 Why hast Thou plac'd such infinite Degrees  
 Between the Cause and Cure of my Disease?  
 The mighty Object of that raging Fire,  
 In which unpity'd ABRA must expire,

Had

Obscurâ si stirpe fatus, si Patre Bubulco  
 Vixisset Custosve boum, pecorisve magister;  
 Manè comes summos superâram sedula montes,  
 Ardentesque æstus temnens, brumamque rigentem;  
 Usque rogans, mediam quâ falleret arbore lucem.  
 Ille ubi nocte domum speratus venerat hospes,  
 Condideram dulci convivium inempta labore;  
 Anxia & impatiens, humilis de culmine tecti,  
 Obyla venturo misissem ardentia longè  
 Lumina per campos; trepida inter spemq; metumque,  
 Gaudia dum secum ferret rediviva, canisque  
 Blandulus adventum Domini monstraret amati:  
 Illum Ego, cervici teneræ nudisque papillis  
 Acclinem, dulces suasissem carpere somnos:  
 Et capite à molli, Phæbi redeuntis ad ortum,  
 Sollicita elapsum subducere lene lacertum,  
 Exieram, fætus stabulo missura coactos,  
 Et Pecori blanda, & Pastoris amica quieti.

Sin vultu meliore Deus, flammæque benignus,  
 (Nec mihi vana fides tam puram in pectora flammam  
 Cœlitus immitti) natalem ornaverat horam  
 Splendore imperii & Proavorum Stemmata longo,

Had He been born some simple Shepherd's Heir,  
 The lowing Herd, or fleecy Sheep his Care;  
 At Morn with him I o'er the Hills had run,  
 Scornful of Winter's Frost, and Summer's Sun,  
 Still asking, where He made his Flock to rest at Noon.  
 For him at Night, the dear expected Guest,  
 I had with hasty Joy prepar'd the Feast;  
 And from the Cottage, o'er the distant Plain,  
 Sent forth my longing Eye to meet the Swain;  
 Wav'ring, impatient, toss'd by Hope and Fear;  
 'Till He and Joy together should appear;  
 And the lov'd Dog declare his Master near.  
 On my declining Neck, and open Breast,  
 I should have lull'd the lovely Youth to Rest;  
 And from beneath his Head, at dawning Day,  
 With softest Care have stol'n my Arm away;  
 To rise, and from the Fold release the Sheep,  
 Fond of his Flock, indulgent to his Sleep.

Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my Flame  
 (For sure from Heav'n the faithful Ardor came)  
 Had blest my Life, and deck'd my natal Hour  
 With Height of Title, and Extent of Pow'r:

F

With-

Cor impunè altùm se evexerat, & mea vota  
Spirâram faciles dilecti in Principis aures.

Sic nata, attigeram has terras prior ipsa *Sabæa*  
Principe, spectandum Formâ magis omnibus unum  
Lustratura Virum; molles avidâ aure Poetæ  
Exceptura sonos & ab ore fluentia mella.  
Libassem simul à roseis redolentia labris  
Oscula, quæ dulces vicissent thuris odores.  
Ut vultus atque ora Viri laudare juvâffet  
Singulaque eximiæ miracula pingere formæ!  
Quam radii mites oculorum; Solis adinstar,  
Pura percussos ignes cum temperat unda!  
Quam rubet aureus ora; sinumque argenteus albet!  
Flexibus intorti placidis nigredine crines  
Cornicis plumam exsuperant; certare labellis  
Coccineus metuat rubor, Hesperiumque corallum.  
Ut dentes nitido stant ordine, more coævi  
Jam tonfi Gregis, emerisque à flumine vivo,  
Candida in aprico ficcantis vellera saxo!  
Sapphiris ut siquis ebur rutilantibus ornet,  
Vena super niveam turgescens cærulea dextram  
Effulget. Quas Crura ostentant fortia vires,  
Quamque decorâ nitent, Parias imitata Columnas!

Ut

Without a Crime my Passion had aspir'd,  
Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I desir'd.

Then I had come, preventing SHEBA'S Queen,  
To see the comeliest of the Sons of Men;  
To hear the charming Poet's am'rous Song,  
And gather Honey falling from his Tongue;  
To take the fragrant Kisses of his Mouth,  
Sweeter than Breezes of her native South;  
Likening his Grace, his Person, and his Mien  
To all that Great or Beauteous I had seen.  
Serene and bright his Eyes, as solar Beams  
Reflecting temper'd Light from Crystal Streams;  
Ruddy as Gold his Cheek; his Bosom fair  
As Silver; the curl'd Ringlets of his Hair  
Black as the Raven's Wing; his Lip more red,  
Than Eastern Coral, or the scarlet Thread;  
Even his Teeth, and white, like a young Flock  
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear Brook  
Recent, and blanching on the Sunny Rock.  
Iv'ry with Saphirs interspers'd, explains  
How white his Hands, how blue the Manly Veins.  
Columns of polish'd Marble firmly set  
On golden Bases, are his Legs, and Feet.

}

Ut toto attollit se corpore! surgit in auras  
 Palmæ instar, pinuque caput sublimior effert.  
 Suavè crocum redolent Vestes Myrrhamque fluentem,  
 Et caput ambrosii circum jactantur odores.  
 Quid loquor aut ubi sum? heu! infelix, incia Virgo!  
 Quin morere ô! morere *Abra*; eheu nimis ausa fateri  
 Quam Tibi Cor ardens aspirat Principis alto  
 Misceri amplexu, ferisque beare nepotes;  
 Plaudente ut populo Te illustret regia Proles,  
 Felicemque novis jactes SOLOMONIBUS alvum.

Hic lacrymis lingua interrupta fiescit obortis;  
 Curarum ô tristis series! malefana Puella!  
 Cor mihi, multa dolens nuper, nova spicula temnit;  
 In me frustra alii meditentur vulnus ocelli.  
 Hei mihi! adhuc altè cruciatis sensibus hæret  
 Hærebitque diu vetus atque horrenda Cicatrix,  
 Et *Pharium* vinculum spretique injuria voti.

Quum penitus (dixi) poterit volventibus annis  
 Principis opprobrii vanescere tristis Imago;  
 Alta iterum in summâ Ratio dominabitur arce,  
 Atque iterum SOLOMON lapsos revocabit honores.

Luse-



His Stature all Majestic, all Divine,  
 Strait as the Palmtree, strong as is the Pine.  
 Saffron and Myrrhe are on his Garments shed :  
 And everlasting Sweets bloom round his Head.  
 What utter I? where am I? wretched Maid!  
 Dye, ABRA, dye: too plainly hast Thou said  
 Thy Soul's Desire to meet His high Embrace,  
 And Blessings stamp'd upon thy future Race;  
 To bid attentive Nations bless thy Womb,  
 With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and SOLOMONS to come.

Here o'er her Speech her flowing Eyes prevail.  
 O foolish Maid! and O unhappy Tale!  
 My suffering Heart for ever shall defy  
 New Wounds, and Danger from a future Eye.  
 O! yet my tortur'd Senses deep retain  
 The wretched Mem'ry of my former Pain,  
 The dire Affront, and my EGYPTIAN Chain.

As Time, I said, may happily efface  
 That cruel Image of the King's Disgrace;  
 Imperial Reason shall resume her Seat;  
 And SOLOMON once fall'n, again be great.

Be-

Luferit Affectus, feu Marte subegerit Hostis,  
Cautior intendat totos Sapientia nervos,  
Servatâque semel metuat virtute relabi.

*Abra* sed interea— quæfita accedere ad ora  
Sæpius indulgi; nam sic Clementia suavit  
Ancillæ miseros paulum lenire dolores.  
Verus Amor vultuque animoque ardente patebat;  
Tangimur & veros ultrò miserefcimus ignes.  
Affiduam blandâ spectavi fronte ministram;  
Et semper studiosam accedere, sæpe vocavi.  
Inque dies jam Nympha magis dilecta magisque  
Paulatim in venas tacitum infinuavit amorem.

Sera ubi fæmineis agerem convivium tectis,  
(Jam tum sola dedi leviufcula tempora Nymphæ)  
Illius à dextrâ pomorum gratia major,  
Illius à dextrâ melius fapuerè Placentæ.  
Sed pomis decessit odor, dulcedo placentis,  
Constructas nisi blanda epulas ornaverät *Abra*:  
Necquicquam vinum rutilanti ardebat in auro,  
Ridentem nisi blanda admoverat *Abra* liquorem.  
Carmina miferent cum vespertina Puellæ  
Æquantès parili citharæ modulamina cantu;

Lan-

Betray'd by Passion, as subdu'd in War,  
 We wisely should exert a double Care,  
 Nor ever ought a second time to Err.

This ABRA then ----

I saw Her; 'twas Humanity: it gave  
 Some Respite to the Sorrows of my Slave.  
 Her fond Excess proclaim'd her Passion true;  
 And generous Pity to that Truth was due.  
 Well I entreated Her, who well deserv'd;  
 I call'd Her often; for She always serv'd.  
 Use made her Person easy to my Sight;  
 And Ease insensibly produc'd Delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the Women's Bow'rs  
 (For first I fought Her but at looser Hours)  
 The Apples She had gather'd smelt most sweet:  
 The Cake She kneaded was the sav'ry Meat:  
 But Fruits their Odor lost, and Meats their Taste;  
 If gentle ABRA had not deck'd the Feast.  
 Dishonor'd did the sparkling Goblet stand:  
 Unless receiv'd from gentle ABRA's Hand:  
 And when the Virgins form'd the Evening Choir,  
 Raising their Voices to the master-Lyre;

Too

Languidiùs Vox illa, argutiùs illa sonabat,  
 Altera inops artis, nimis altera prodiga visa est;  
 Nec placuere mihi numeri, nisi funderet *Abra*  
 Sola melos: Sociis praelata, insignior ibat;  
 Nec tenuis nitidos comitata est gloria cultus.  
 Arctiùs ut crines cohibebat splendida Vitta,  
 Pulcrior emicuit contractæ gratia frontis;  
 Utque tumescebant nive candidiora, Pyropi  
 Pectora vicini commendavere rubores:  
 Baccatæ armillæ teretes auxere lacertos,  
 Et varii varium decus incendere lapilli.  
 Quin magis ut placuit, magis hinc studiosa placendi  
 Grator effulsit radiantis conscia formæ.

Jam tandem veteris repetita opprobria flammæ  
 Respicere à tergo poteram & culpata fateri:  
 Saucia corda libet paulùm lenire vicissim,  
 Conceptosque fovere astris meliôribus ignes.  
 Quid (dixi) ferat *Abra* mali? quæ causa timoris?  
 Tam tenera insultare potest? tam blandula lædet?  
 Unquamne ambivit quidquam nisi posse placere?  
 Deliciis fruar illæsus, facilemque recessum

Inveniam:

Too flat I thought This Voice, and That too shrill;  
 One show'd too much, and one too little Skill:  
 Nor could my Soul approve the Music's Tone;  
 'Till all was hush'd, and ABRA sung alone.  
 Fairer She seem'd, distinguish'd from the rest;  
 And better Mein disclos'd, as better drest.  
 A bright *Tiara* round her Forehead ty'd,  
 To juster Bounds confin'd it's rising Pride:  
 The blushing Ruby on her snowy Breast,  
 Render'd it's panting Whiteness more confess'd;  
 Bracelets of Pearl gave Roundness to her Arm;  
 And ev'ry Gem augmented ev'ry Charin.  
 Her Senses pleas'd, her Beauty still improv'd:  
 And She more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame  
 The several Follies of my former Flame;  
 \*Willing my Heart for Recompence to prove  
 The certain Joys that lye in prosp'rous Love.  
 For what, said I, from ABRA can I fear,  
 Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe?  
 The Dam'sel's sole Ambition is to please:  
 With Freedom I may like, and quit with Ease:

G

She

Inveniam; sine fraude animum solabitur *Abra*,  
 Et Pax alma semel comitem sese addet amori.

iniquæ

Magne Deus, quam cæcus Homo est! quam fortis  
 Ludibrium infelix; laqueos sibi tendere natus!  
 Viribus heu! nostris nimium confidimus; hostis  
 Nec satis infidias adversaque tela cavemus:  
 Altius inflatas ventosa superbia mentes  
 Attollit, vanoque incendit amore placendi.  
 Summa Voluptatis temerè per labra vagamur,  
 Dum revocare licet vestigia: nulla periculi  
 Securos terret facies; frænisque remissis  
 Nos ubicunque rapi ventis præbemus & undæ.  
 Florifero deinde in prato aut viridante sub umbrâ  
 Lascivè fusi languentia membra, repletos  
 Inter Crateras, variæque nitentia fæta,  
 Æquora ridentes volvi propiora videmus:  
 Dum tandem erumpens violentior ingruit Æstus,  
 Turbidus immiscet terramque & Sydera nimbus;  
 Præcipientesque per Oceani spatia ampla rotati  
 Vexamur sero malè credula corda dolore:  
 Se circum capita agglomerant pereuntia fluctus,  
 Mærentique oculo tellus contracta recedit.

O la-

She sooths, but never can enthrall my Mind:  
 Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?

Great Heav'n! how frail thy Creature Man is made!  
 How by Himself insensibly betray'd!  
 In our own Strength unhappily secure,  
 Too little cautious of the adverse Pow'r;  
 And by the Blast of Self-opinion mov'd,  
 We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.  
 On Pleasure's flowing Brink We idly stray,  
 Masters as yet of our returning Way:  
 Seeing no Danger, We disarm our Mind;  
 And give our Conduct to the Waves and Wind:  
 Then in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant Shade  
 To wanton Dalliance negligently laid,  
 We weave the Chaplet, and We crown the Bowl;  
 And smiling see the nearer Waters roll;  
 'Till the strong Gusts of raging Passion rise;  
 'Till the dire Tempest mingles Earth and Skies;  
 And swift into the boundless Ocean born,  
 Our foolish Confidence too late We mourn:  
 Round our devoted Heads the Billows beat;  
 And from our troubled View the lessen'd Lands retreat.

O latè dominator Amor! tua sceptrâ latentem  
 Quà tutum exquiret Pectus mortale recessum?  
 Quas paret Ingenium oppositas tot fraudibus artes?  
 Quæ varias aperire potest Sapiëntia formas  
 Infidiis vestris ritè inservire paratas,  
 Cum miseros sævò meditaris perdere ludo?

Nympha superba hodie, jactans se, pulcra nocendi  
 Arma palam induitur, belloque laceffit inermes:  
 Elato vultu incessuque patet Dea: stat mens  
 Inconcussa, ferox, erectaque casibus, audet  
 Spernere terrena, & fati ridere furorem.

Interea scuto præcordia septa virili  
 Claudentes, dum non inhonestâ Superbia munit;  
 Ducimur egregiæ laudis muliebria Gesta  
 Mirari, nostræ virtutis imagine capti.  
 Quæ placuisse potest, facili dulcedine vincet;  
 Quos hodie incendit, cras sub juga mittet amantes.  
 Vitra oculis Ratio prætereundæ fida videtur;  
 Quàm fallax! Formæ quàm incerta resultat Imago!  
 Mirantes animum, & perculsi luminis igne,  
 Dum Nymphæ canimus laudes, speramus amores.

Im-



O mighty Love! from thy unbounded Pow'r  
 How shall the human Bosom rest secure?  
 How shall our Thought avoid the various Snare?  
 Or Wisdom to our caution'd Soul declare  
 The different Shapes, Thou pleasest to imploy,  
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?

The haughty Nymph in open Beauty drest,  
 To-Day encounters our unguarded Breast:  
 She looks with Majesty, and moves with State;  
 Unbent her Soul, and in Misfortune great,  
 She scorns the World, and dares the Rage of Fate. }

Here whilst we take stern Manhood for our Guide,  
 And guard our Conduct with becoming Pride;  
 Charm'd with the Courage in her Action shown,  
 We praise her Mind, the Image of our own.  
 She that can please, is certain to persuade:  
 To-day lov'd, To-morrow is obey'd.  
 We think we see thro' Reason's Optics right;  
 Nor find, how Beauty's Rays elude our Sight:  
 Struck with her Eye, whilst We applaud her Mind;  
 And when We speak Her great, We wish Her kind.

To-

Improbe Amor, Nymphæ cras altera tela ministras,  
 Mærorem effusum & passos sine lege capillos :  
 Voce querens humili ducit miserabile carmen,  
 Hærentisque vicem suppleant Suspiria linguæ.  
 Concipit hinc generosa incendia pectus honestum;  
 Tollimus afflictam sustentamusque jacentem :  
 Dumque animo facili properamus molle levamen,  
 Et lenit miserum Pietas humana dolorem;  
 Curarum interea nobis contagia furtim  
 Obrepunt, similique jubent languescere luctu;  
 Cingimus ah! fero munimine ductile pectus,  
 Cedere lacrymulæ gemituque liquefcere pronom.

Intimus hic, quo nec propior neque sævior alter,  
 Quâ fraude elusus, quâ vi turbabitur Hostis?  
 Unde tibi auxilium, fragilis Natura, ciebis,  
 Nunc facili ingenio, nimio nunc prodita fastu?  
 An licet externam sperare aliunde medelam,  
 Cum Pectus fallax internum admiserit hostem?  
 Ille intus domitam Rationem illudere gaudet,  
 Palantisque Ducis cæcus vestigia fleçit.

Jamque animæ victrix peramabilis *Abra* catenis  
 Colla mihi captiva coercuit; Illa repletum

Pos.

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r, Thou art the Fair  
 With flowing Sorrow, and dishevel'd Hair:  
 Sad her Complaint, and humble is her Tale,  
 Her Sighs explaining where her Accents fail.  
 Here gen'rous Softness warms the honest Breast:  
 We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd:  
 And whilst our Wish prepares the kind Relief;  
 Whilst Pity mitigates her rising Grief:  
 We sicken soon from her contagious Care;  
 Grieve for her Sorrows, groan for her Despair;  
 And against Love too late those Bosoms arm,  
 Which Tears can soften, and which Sighs can warm.

Against this nearest cruelest of Foes,  
 What shall Wit meditate, or Force oppose?  
 Whence, feeble Nature, shall We summon Aid;  
 If by our Pity, and our Pride betray'd?  
 External Remedy shall We hope to find,  
 When the close Fiend has gain'd our treach'rous Mind;  
 Insulting there does Reasons Pow'r deride;  
 And blind Himself, conducts the dazzl'd Guide?

My Conqueror now, my lovely A B R A held  
 My Freedom in her Chains: my Heart was fill'd

With

Possedit mihi cor, Illa unica; Spesque voluptasque  
 Omnis in Illâ affixa pendit: ut absuit Illa,  
 Multa moram incusans gemitus lugubrè profudi;  
 Ocyus Illa redux gemitus luctusque fugavit:  
 Nox orta est, abeunte; Dies, veniente, refulsit.

Ordine Conventus, Scenæ, ludique sequuntur  
 Larvati: facit Illa melos, facit Illa choreas:  
 Tot formas habitusque novos induta nitescit,  
 Fingere quot nôrit vario mens prodiga luxu.

In campo dominata hodiè sub tegmine palmæ  
 Vestra arma & vestros fibi, *Debora*, sumit amictus;  
 Victricique sedet frontem circumdata lauro:  
 Ipse instar *Baraci* vestigia pronus adoro:  
 Turba Illi fictos canit obsequiosa triumphos,  
 Illam effert clademque Hosti Patriæque columnam.

Cras mitem induitur faciem morefque serenos,  
 Splendenti Martis pompâ & terrore relictis;  
 Mollius incedens Mulier jam rustica, Villâ  
 Egreditur, Regemque adducto munere visit.  
 Depositis Agmen juvenile micantibus armis  
 Collatum certant cantando rependere munus;

Dum

With Her, with Her alone: in Her alone  
It fought it's Peace and Joy: while She was gone,  
It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her Stay:  
Return'd, She chas'd those Sighs, that Grief away:  
Her Absence made the Night: her Prefence brought  
[the Day.

Dum feror incessu spectabilis ipse paterno  
Reginam insigni dignatus honore futuram.

Jam fortasse *Abræ* si mens vaga gestiat ire  
Latiùs in sylvas, cervosque agitare fugaces;  
Sole recens orto, cita se delecta Juventus  
Corripit è somnis, properatque ad lustra ferarum.  
Majestate humili cinctus pompâque minori  
Rex vester, *Solyma*, adventantem inglorius *Abram*  
Expectat. Prodit jam tandem: corpore purus  
Partim *Arabum* partim *Persarum* è semine natus  
Veſtat Equus. Tunicâ lascivam undante per auram,  
(*Sidonie* quo more solent *Threſſæ*que Puellæ)  
Docta genu medium mediumque exponere pectus,  
Consultò neglecta, palàm spectantibus offert.  
Venatoris Equi lævâ torquentur habenæ,  
Dum tremit in dextrâ minitanti argenteus arcus:  
Auræque ex pharetrâ (lateri quæ affixa pependit)  
Nigrantes plumam ostentant crepitantque sagittæ.  
Fronte altâ, Sapphiri adamantibus intertextis  
Crescentem nitido referunt curvamine Lunam.  
Sylvarum Dominæ nitet *Abra* simillima; vultus,  
Incessum, vocemque agnoscimus: ipsa *DIANA*,  
Ipsa Dea est; digno veneramur honore, Deæque

Poni-

Whist I assume my Father's Step and Mein,  
To meet with due Regard my future Queen.

If hap'ly ABRA's Will be now inclin'd  
To range the Woods, or chace the flying Hind;  
Soon as the Sun awakes, the sprightly Court  
Leave their Repose, and hasten to the Sport.  
In lessen'd Royalty, and humble State,  
Thy King, JERUSALEM, descends to wait,  
'Till ABRA comes. She comes: a Milk-white Steed,  
Mixture of PERSIA's, and ARABIA's Breed,  
Sustains the Nymph: her Garments flying loose  
(As the SYDONIAN Maids, or THRACIAN use)  
And half her Knee, and half her Breast appear,  
By Art, like Negligence, disclos'd, and bare.  
Her left Hand guides the hunting Courser's Flight:  
A Silver Bow She carries in her Right:  
And from the golden Quiver at her Side,  
Ruffles the Ebon Arrow's feather'd Pride.  
Saphirs and Diamonds on her Front display  
An artificial Moon's increasing Ray.  
DIANA, Huntress, Mistress of the Groves,  
The fav'rite ABRA speaks, and looks, and moves.  
Her, as the present Goddess, I obey;

H 2

Be-

Ponimus ante pedes quicquid captavimus agris.  
 Vocali insignem Chorus accinit ore *DIANAM*;  
 Altius & lituorum unà clangorque tubarum  
 Divinas effert laudes: pulsare triumphī  
 Oppositos Colles: Colles iterare triumphos.

Cras si fortè animus peragrati tædia Saltūs  
 Lenire ad vitreas piscosī fluminis undas  
 Suaferit; extemplò artifices se mille labori  
 Addunt, & Regis certatim Jussa capeffunt.  
 Littore in irriguo multis cumulantur in altum  
 Arboribus Tabulata, & mobilis Insula surgit.  
 In medio, Currus solido stat fulgidus auro,  
 Cui visi gemere argentei sub pondere Cycni.  
*Abra* Dea insignis folio sedet alta corusco,  
*Argolicæ* *VENERIS* vultus induta decoros.  
 Circumfusa latus Ponti Gens humida, amoris  
 Egregias celebrant dulci modulamine laudes.  
 Dum magni intereà Spectac'li pompa propinquat,  
 Et *VENEREM* lætæ clamant instare Catervæ;  
 Cultor Ego heu! nimium supplex in margine terræ  
 Extremo, fervens avidâ spe brachia tendo  
 Excipere impatiens surgentem è gurgite Divam.



Beneath her Feet the captive Game I lay.  
 The mingl'd Chorus sings DIANA's Fame:  
 Clarions and Horns in louder Peals proclaim  
 Her Mystic Praise: the vocal Triumphs bound  
 Against the Hills: the Hills reflect the Sound.

If tir'd this Evening with the hunted Woods,  
 To the large Fish-pools, or the glassy Floods  
 Her Mind To-morrow points; a thousand Hands  
 To-night employ'd, obey the King's Commands.  
 Upon the wat'ry Beach an artful Pile  
 Of Planks is join'd, and forms a moving Isle.  
 A golden Chariot in the Midst is set;  
 And silver Cygnets seem to feel it's Weight.  
 ABRA, bright Queen, ascends her gaudy Throne,  
 In semblance of the GRÆCIAN VENUS known:  
 TRITONS and Sea-green NAIADS round her move;  
 And sing in moving Strains the Force of Love:  
 Whilst as th' approaching Pageant does appear;  
 And echoing Crouds speak mighty VENUS near;  
 I, her Adorer, too devoutly stand  
 Fast on the utmost Margin of the Land,  
 With Arms and Hopes extended, to receive  
 The fancy'd Goddess rising from the Wave.

O Râtio subiecta jacens! ô sæve Cupido!  
 Quò tamen ulterius mea se Dementia ferret?  
 Satne erit, ut Nympham summa ad fastigia ducam  
 Intra ædes clausas vel amica silentia Villæ:  
 Aut ficti ut vultus mutataque nomina magno  
 Dedecori obducant blandam caliginis umbram?  
 Quin omni potius *Solyma* spectante coronâ  
 Prodeat in lucem jactata infamia Regis:  
 Solennis dapibus Mensis datur; hospitioque  
 Collectam gentem communiter excipit *Abra*.  
 Utque dies omnis pleno celebretur honore,  
 Huc varios mittunt sætus Sylvæque Lacusque,  
 Huc *Arabum* & Deserta *Aegypti*; huc fertur Edule  
 Quodcunque est: vix ipse fugit convivia *Phænix*.  
 Commistis citharisque Viri cantuque Puellæ  
 Dulce sonant *Abra* decus & mea gaudia: servi  
 Quinetiam Vates præconia fordida fingunt,  
 Et celebrant nostros numeris mendacibus ignes.  
 Mox quoque Nupta dapes me deducente relinquens,  
 Quam vulgi ex oculis prudens retineret Amator,  
 Se jactat spectatam omni notamque popello  
 Participem Solii pariter Cordisque magistram.

Huc

O subject Reason! O imperious Love!  
 Whither yet further would My Folly rove?  
 Is it enough, that ABRA should be great  
 In the wall'd Palace, or the Rural Seat?  
 That masking Habits, and a borrow'd Name  
 Contrive to hide my Plenitude of Shame?  
 No, no: JERUSALEM combin'd must see  
 My open Fault, and Regal Infamy.  
 Solemn a Month is destin'd for the Feast:  
 ABRA invites: the Nation is the Guest.  
 To have the Honor of each Day sustain'd,  
 The Woods are travers'd; and the Lakes are drain'd:  
 ARABIA'S Wilds, and ÆGYPT's are explor'd:  
 The Edible Creation decks the Board:  
 Hardly the *Phenix* 'scapes ----  
 The Men their Lyres, the Maids their Voices raise,  
 To sing my Happiness, and ABRA's Praise.  
 And slavish Bards our mutual Loves rehearse  
 In lying Strains, and ignominious Verse:  
 While from the Banquet leading forth the Bride,  
 Whom prudent Love from publick Eyes should hide;  
 I show Her to the World, confess'd and known  
 Queen of my Heart, and Part'ner of my Throne.

And

Huc coeunt variâ *Judææ* ex parte frequentes,  
 Agmen Adulantum, quos *Abra* adduxit: honorum  
 Hi mercaturas agitant; hi munera donant,  
 Multa nec immodicis par est provincia votis.  
 Scilicet his primùm monstrantibus *Abra* nocendi  
 Edidicit varias artes; orare, filere,  
 Atque leves summis adjungere rebus amores:  
 Imperiumque suum certis firmare perite  
 Legibus, & dulci exitio mea fallere Corda.  
 Hinc etiam acceptum, miserum mihi tradidit Illa  
 Consilium, Regum esse animis obducere vela:  
 Et mala fucato celantes pectora vultu  
 Assiduos agitare dolos; dumque Hostibus almi  
 Obsequio arrident blando, contemnere Amicos.  
 Mox Ego præfidia imperii certissima sperno  
 BARZILLÆ magi sobolem, atrocisque BENAIÆ  
 Progeniem egregiam; quorum subiere Parentes  
*Davideas* curas, juveni sua gaudia Regi  
 Testantes, Sceptro cum jam donatus ad *Hebrum*  
 Fulgeret, Virtute illorum & Vulnere clarus.  
 Ocyus (ah triste auspiciū!) cumulantur honore,  
 Quos mihi reddiderat dementia nostra timendos,  
 Mordacis *Shimeique* genus, *Coræque* propago;  
 Qui turpes facilem experti sunt DAVIDA, quanquam  
 Calcassent leges, Regique indigna tulissent. Crescit

And now her Friends and Flatt'ers fill the Court :  
 From DAN, and from BEERSHEBA They resort :  
 They barter Places, and dispose of Grants,  
 Whole Provinces unequal to their Wants.  
 They teach Her to recede, or to debate;  
 With Toys of Love to mix Affairs of State;  
 By practis'd Rules her Empire to secure;  
 And in my Pleasure make my Ruin sure.  
 They gave, and She transferr'd the curs'd Advice,  
 That Monarchs should their inward Soul disguise,  
 Diffemble and command, be false and wise;  
 By ignominious Arts for servile Ends  
 Should compliment their Foes, and shun their Friends.  
 And now I leave the true and just Supports  
 Of Legal Princes, and of honest Courts,  
 BARZILLAI'S, and the fierce BENAIAH'S Heirs;  
 Whose Sires, Great Part'ners in my Father's Cares,  
 Saluted their young King at HEBRON crown'd,  
 Great by their Toil, and glorious by their Wound.  
 And now, unhappy Counsel, I prefer  
 Those whom my Follies only made me fear,  
 Old CORAH'S Brood, and taunting SHIMEI'S Race;  
 Miscreants who ow'd their Lives to DAVID'S Grace;  
 Tho' they had spurn'd his Rule, and curs'd Him to his  
 Face.

I

Still

Crescit adhuc amor infelix, opprobria Regis  
 Neglecti crescunt: subvertens fasque nefasque  
 Fæmina dux rerum, fixit decreta refixitque,  
 Et Nymphæ instabiles flexit vox unica leges.

Oblitus Patriæ solâque moratus in *Abra*  
 Factâque Conceptusque Illi Vitamque dicabam:  
 Non potui læso Rationem opponere cordi;  
*Abra* ibi se dominam asseruit, pars optima nostri.  
 Quòd si jam nostrum steterat Lis ante tribunal  
 Inclyta, quâ tantos miræ virtutis honores  
 Accepi Juvenis: Simulatæ lingua parentis  
 Fuderat illecebras frustrâ, blandamque loquelam;  
 Frustrâ etiam Veræ trepidantia viscera matris  
 Impulerant Pietas ardens innataque Cura;  
 Utrique elusæ fatum decreverat *Abra*  
 Ore potens placido fervare & perdere torvo.

Sceptra rudis moderari, amplexus vinc'la, jacebam  
 Exanimus Princeps & magni nominis umbra.  
 Pupillis miseris questus funduntur inanes,  
 Nec tangunt nostram Viduæ suspiria mentem:  
 Neglectæ lites pendent infamè; supino  
 Opprobrium injiciunt Domino cessantia Jura.

Nec

Still ABRA'S Pow'r, my Scandal still increas'd:  
 Justice submitted to 'what ABRA pleas'd:  
 Her Will alone could settle or revoke;  
 And Law was fix'd by what She latest spoke.

ISRAEL neglected, ABRA was my Care:  
 I only acted; thought, and liv'd for Her.  
 I durst not reason with my wounded Heart;  
 ABRA possess'd; She was it's better Part.  
 O! had I now review'd the famous Cause,  
 Which gave my righteous Youth so just Applause;  
 In vain on the dissembl'd Mother's Tongue  
 Had cunning Art, and sly Persuasion hung;  
 And real Care in vain, and native Love  
 In the true Parent's panting Breast had strove;  
 While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd Child  
 Or slain, or sav'd, as ABRA frown'd, or smil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,  
 A life-less King, a Royal Shade I lay.  
 Unheard the injur'd Orphans now complain:  
 The Widow's Cries address the Throne in vain.  
 Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded File;  
 And sleeping Laws the King's Neglect revile.

Nec jam ultrà coiere Senes, ut regia Dicta  
 Audirent, suaque in melius præcepta referrent;  
 Nec jam Magnatum Pueri didicere, MOYSIS  
 Quid leges potuere, quid inclyta DAVIDIS Arma.  
 Discinctæ luxu Turmæ oblitæque laborum  
 Non intermisso traxerunt otia ludo.  
 Quin nudæ tectis in publica commoda turres  
 Eductæ steterunt; oneravit machina muros  
 Nutantes immanè ----  
 Expectant mediæ fastigia summa columnæ,  
 Et pendent infecta rudi laquearia vultu:  
 Artifices languent, tristesque abrupta queruntur  
 Mænia: Spes Patriæ, legata à DAVIDE, Sedes  
 Magni sacra Dei moles jacet imperfecta.

Plorabant taciti, quorum maturior ætas,  
 Errantem Regem & fluxi infortunia regni.  
 Hiccine (dicebant Graviores) Hiccine, cui mens  
 Altior omnigenas iit indefessâ per artes;  
 Cui fixit dubios miranda Scientia fines  
 Virtutis Vitique: diserto cujus ab ore  
 Plurima quæ fluxit Sapiencia, tradita fidis  
 Spirat adhuc chartis; Patrumque in frontibus hæret  
 Præceptis teneros informatura Minores,

Atque



No more the Elders throng'd around my Throne,  
 To hear my Maxims, and reform their own.  
 No more the Young Nobility were taught,  
 How MOSES govern'd, and how DAVID fought.  
 Loofe and undisciplin'd the Soldier lay;  
 Or lost in Drink and Game the solid Day:  
 Porches and Schools, design'd for publick Good,  
 Uncover'd, and with Scaffolds cumber'd stood,  
 Or nodded, threat'ning Ruin ---  
 Half Pillars wanted their expected Height;  
 And Roofs imperfect prejudic'd the Sight.  
 The Artists grieve; the lab'ring People droop:  
 My Father's Legacy, my Country's Hope,  
 God's Temple lies unfinish'd ---

The Wise and Grave deplor'd their Monarch's Fate,  
 And future Mischiefs of a sinking State.  
 Is this, the Serious said, is this the Man,  
 Whose active Soul thro' every Science ran?  
 Who by just Rule and elevated Skill  
 Prescrib'd the dubious Bounds of Good and Ill?  
 Whose Golden Sayings, and Immortal Wit,  
 On large *Phylacteries* expressive writ,  
 Were to the Forehead of the *Rabbins* ty'd,

Our

Atque infigne fenum pariter Decus? Ergone nescit  
 Effrænem *Sapiens* cohibere cupidinis æstum?  
 Ille quid admonuit? quid nos advertimus aures?  
 Moribus ipsa facem præfert Doctrina pudendis,  
 Et quo plura sciat, culpâ graviore laborat.

Turba faceta magis, leviori scommate, (fertis  
 Ut vincti roseis genio indulgere) vicissim  
 Hauferunt calices, pretium quibus arrogat *Abraë*  
 Formosæ Nomen, cui cederet ardua Regis  
 Gloria *Judæi*: Pars laudavere jocose,  
 Tam bene quem *Luxus* cum *Majestâte* deceret:  
 Advertere alii quantum pugnaret Amori  
 Consilium; factisque meis mea dicta refellunt.  
 Rex vivat tamen, (hic infit) regnoque fruatur: [audit  
 Quem memoras Regem? (Alter ait;) neq; enim amplius  
 Rex *SOLOMON*; patriæ dudum immemor Ille fuitque  
 Servit amans *Abraë*: quid nostrum pejus uterque  
 Patraret? nobis fluat ordine Vita soluto,  
 Si sic, quæis animo melior sententia, peccant.  
*Dina* premat vario lascivos flore capillos;  
 Aut lepidum meditata melos, trepidantia pulset  
 Fila lyræ: dulces mellis fine acumine succos  
 Libemus vacui, nec vi nec lege coacti.

Dulcis

Our Youth's Instruction, and our Age's Pride?  
 Could not the Wife his wild Desires restrain?  
 Then was our Hearing, and his Preaching vain!  
 What from his Life and Letters were we taught,  
 But that his Knowledge aggravates his Fault?

In lighter Mood the Humorous and the Gay  
 (As crown'd with Roses at their Feasts they lay)  
 Sent the full Goblet, charg'd with ABRA's Name,  
 And Charms superior to their Master's Fame:  
 Laughing some praise the King, who let 'em see,  
 How aptly Luxe and Empire might agree:  
 Some gloss'd, how Love and Wisdom were at Strife;  
 And brought my Proverbs to confront my Life.  
 However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries:  
 To Him who was the King, the Friend replies.  
 The King, for JUDAH's, and for Wisdom's Curse,  
 To ABRA yields: could I, or Thou do worse?  
 Our looser Lives let Chance or Folly steer:  
 If thus the Prudent and Determin'd err.  
 Let DINAH bind with Flowers her flowing Hair;  
 And touch the Lute, and sound the wanton Air:  
 Let us the Bliss without the Sting receive,  
 Free, as We will, or to enjoy, or leave.

Plea-

Dulcis amat volitare inter leviora Voluptas;  
 Seria deducunt animum & mærore fatigant.  
 Audiat egregius Veri Rectique Magister  
 Hæc mea Dicta, fuis meritò ascribenda libellis.

Sentimus lugubrè tui mala verbera Sceptri  
 O Ratio, exeres trepido quæ pectore dura  
 Imperia! ut gaudes sævas imponere leges,  
 Si, sapere ut possim, penitus linquenda Voluptas,  
 Majoresque premant meditantem plura dolores:  
*Judææ* misero Regi si gaudia Vitæ  
 Deliciasque adimas, ut Principe digna sequatur;  
 Et Curâ paulum mutatâ, vincula Amoris  
 Exutum Tu compescas graviore catenâ!

Tene autem Dominam fateor legumque tuarum  
 Sævitiâ queror immitem fâscisque potentes;  
 Cum sis interea nihil heu! nisi nomen inane;  
 Quot Caputum vivunt, totidem variata figuris  
 Diversis, Soboles deliri vana cerebri,  
 Mendaces formas, fluxosque induta colores?  
 Scilicet ingentis tituli levis umbra! Catena,  
 Quâ fese alternis Hominum genus acre coercent,  
 Quam primùm finxere Vafri, Timidique fatentur.

Sis

Pleasures on Levity's smooth Surface flow :  
 Thought brings the Weight, that sinks the Soul to Woe.  
 Now be this Maxim to the King convey'd,  
 And added to the Thousand He has made.

Sadly, O Reason, is thy Pow'r express'd,  
 Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frighted Breast!  
 And harsh the Rules, which We from Thee receive;  
 If for our Wisdom We our Pleasure give;  
 And more to think be only more to grieve. }  
 If JUDAH'S King at thy Tribunal try'd,  
 Forsakes his Joy, to vindicate his Pride;  
 And changing Sorrows, I am only found [bound.  
 Loos'd from the Chains of Love, in Thine more strictly

But do I call Thee Tyrant, or complain,  
 How hard thy Laws, -how absolute thy Reign?  
 While Thou, alas! art but an empty Name,  
 To no Two Men, who e'er discours'd, the same;  
 The idle Product of a troubled Thought,  
 In borrow'd Shapes, and airy Colors wrought;  
 A fancy'd Line, and a reflected Shade;  
 A Chain which Man to fetter Man has made,  
 By Artifice impos'd, by Fear obey'd. }

K

Yet,

Sis tamen invisum nomen seu vera potestas,  
 Te quacunque libet deducere origine, vires  
 Agnosco, sævâ præcordia cuspide fixus.  
 Te sensere intus luctantia pectora, Fatis  
 Decretam dare jura, & debita sceptrâ tenentem.  
 Cedo equidem; supplex edicta superba faceffam;  
 Unica erit merces Virtus sibi: Cedo, rebellis  
*Judea*! infelix à nostrâ mente Puella  
 Exulet æternum: Hoc plebi turbæque remitto.  
 Corde ægro dulcis Furor extorquebitur; *Abraë*  
 Vincula nec patiar, populo servire paratus;  
 Seque anima imbellis forti submittet iniquæ:  
 Pro dolor! audebo miser esse viriliter, ut Rex  
 Incedam, multâque in Majestate gemiscam.

Hæc dixi, immodico certus me involvere luctu  
 Altius, ut foret una quies Spes nulla quietis.  
 Mandavi chartis, timui quæ dicere, amatae,  
 Linquendæ tamen æternum, portanda puellæ.  
 Exposuit multis verborum ambagibus atrox  
 Littera, Majestas quantum pugnaret Amori:  
 Addidit, & Nymphæ memorem fore, dum memor effem  
 Ipse mei; longumque Vale: compesceret ignes

Heu

Yet, wretched Name, or Arbitrary Thing,  
 Whence ever I thy cruel Effence bring,  
 I own thy Influence; for I feel thy Sting.  
 Reluctant I perceive thee in my Soul,  
 Form'd to command, and destin'd to controul.  
 Yes; thy insulting Dictates shall be heard:  
 Virtue for once shall be Her own Reward:  
 Yes; Rebel ISRAEL, this unhappy Maid  
 Shall be dismiss'd: the Crowd shall be obey'd:  
 The King his Passion, and his Rule shall leave,  
 No longer ABRA's, but the People's Slave.  
 My Coward Soul shall bear it's wayward Fate:  
 I will, alas! be wretched, to be great;  
 And sigh in Royalty, and grieve in State.

I said: resolv'd to plunge into my Grief  
 At once so far, as to expect Relief  
 From my Despair alone -----  
 I chose to write the Thing I durst not speak,  
 To Her I lov'd; to Her I must forsake.  
 The harsh Epistle labor'd much to prove,  
 How inconsistent Majesty, and Love.  
 I always should, It said, esteem Her well;  
 But never see her more: It bid Her feel

Heu malè conceptos, jussi; connubia votis  
 Appeteret magis apta fuis, thalamosque minores :  
 Atque humili vitæ cursu, paribusque Hymenæis  
 Dedita, transigeret reliquos felicior annos.

Perlegit, extemplóque ad Me se corripit amens,  
 Ad Me, præsentem curas lenire priores :  
 Sollicitans flexis genibus, luctata, minasque  
 Et lacrymas dedit alternis; jam languida jamque  
 Ardescens: tandem ulterius data nulla dolendi  
 Copia; corripitur, nostroque miserrima Virgo  
 (Illa meos potuit quæ sola inflectere sensus)  
 Fertur ab aspectu; mox exspes, fracta dolore,  
 Effudit miseram properato funere vitam,  
 Et vana imperia infaustosque reliquit Amores.

Fare age si poteris, Mens conscia, quanta dolorum  
 Agmina opes in Te simul effudere coactas :  
 Quas Furias & quos ignes, quæ sæva tulisti  
 Spicula; Curarum quam multa oppressit Imago!  
 Me quoties regni à strepitu in secreta removi,  
 Nequicquam tacitum pascens sub pectore vulnus?  
 O quoties labente die, blanda oscula, amores  
 Præteritos reputans, in Nymphâ absente morabar

An-



No future Pain for Me; but instant wed  
 A Lover more proportion'd to her Bed;  
 And quiet dedicate her remnant Life  
 To the just Duties of an humble Wife.

She read; and forth to Me She wildly ran,  
 To Me, the Ease of all her former Pain.  
 She kneel'd, intreated, struggl'd, threaten'd, cry'd,  
 And with alternate Passion liv'd, and dy'd:  
 'Till now deny'd the Liberty to mourn,  
 And by rude Fury from my Prefence torn,  
 This only Object of my real Care,  
 Cut off from Hope, abandon'd to Despair,  
 In some few posting fatal Hours is hurl'd  
 From Wealth, from Pow'r, from Love, & from the World.

Here tell Me, if Thou dar'st, my conscious Soul,  
 What diff'rent Sorrows did within Thee roll?  
 What Pangs, what Fires, what Racks didst Thou sustain?  
 What sad Vicissitude of smarting Pain?  
 How oft from Pomp and State did I remove;  
 To feed Despair, and cherish hopeless Love?  
 How oft, all Day, recall'd I ABRA'S Charms,  
 Her Beauties press'd, and panting in my Arms?

How

Anxius? ô quam sæpe oculis muliebria passim  
 Ora pererrabam, cari vestigia vultûs  
 Siqua forent? libuit folio mihi sæpe relicto  
 Solam inter tacitos sylvarum ambire recessus:  
 Sæpe etiam in somnis per longa silentia noctis,  
 Floriferasque super Valles, perque alta sequebar  
 Flumina: surgentem auroram spectare pigebat,  
 Cum fugerent gratae fraudes & amabilis Error.

Dum fremeret trepidante diu sub pectore luctans,  
 Et magis atque magis ferveret Æstus Amoris;  
 Evicit tandem fines; Rationis habenas  
 Audire impatiens, rapido sese impete volvit,  
 Molliaque indignans Naturæ fœdera rupit.

Montibus haud aliter summis, quorum antra coercent  
 Concava congestasque nives pluviasque tumentes,  
 Dum spatiis nimis angustis negat unda teneri;  
 Sese præcipitem Torrens agit, ut fuga nulla  
 Prævertat cursu, vis nulla retardet euntem:  
 Quin urbes rapiens sylvasque armenta virosque  
 Obruit; horrescit communi funere tellus,  
 Et referunt procul ingeminatum Saxa dolorem.

Jam

How oft, with Sighs, view'd every Female Face,  
 Where mimic Fancy might her Likeness trace?  
 How oft desir'd to fly from ISRAEL's Throne,  
 And live in Shades with Her and Love alone?  
 How oft, all Night, pursu'd her in my Dreams,  
 O'er flow'ry Vallies, and thro' Crystal Streams;  
 And waking, view'd with Grief the rising Sun,  
 And fondly mourn'd the dear Delusion gone?

When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love,  
 In my swoln Bosom, with long War had strove;  
 At length they broke their Bounds; at length their Force  
 Bore down whatever met it's stronger Course:  
 Lay'd all the Civil Bonds of Manhood waste;  
 And scatter'd Ruin as the Torrent past.

So from the Hills, whose hollow Caves contain  
 The congregated Snow, and swelling Rain;  
 'Till the full Stores their antient Bounds disdain;  
 Precipitate the furious Torrent flows:  
 In vain would Speed avoid, or Strength oppose:  
 Towns, Forests, Herds, and Men promiscuous drown'd,  
 With one great Death deform the dreary Ground:  
 The echo'd Woes from distant Rocks rebound.

And

Jamque, furor quocunque rapit, Quæ turpiter aui,  
 Oblitus decorisque mei Soliique paterni!  
 Ut falsis acclivem animum per mille secutus  
 Ambages Vitii curvas, cæcosque recessus!  
 Jam patrias, jamque externâ de gente puellas  
 Sordidus in thalami gremium commune recepi.  
 Mutavi flammam assiduè: Quamcunque beatam  
 Viderat una dies, neglectam postera vidit;  
 Utque animum movit fluitantem incerta libido,  
 Has, illas, arsi impatiens, captasque reliqui.  
 O! precor, ô! fugiant mortalia lumina Scenæ  
 Infames; tacitam inducant Oblivia nubem;  
 Et nigram errorum Seriem super incubet umbra  
 Densior, offusæque æterna silentia noctis!  
 Vel feri tantum compendia parva Nepotes  
 Et scelerum signa accipiant, quibus undique Gentes  
 Cognoscant monitæ, vitiis Opprobria nasci,  
 Et certos Levitate animi fluxisse Dolores.

Desidiâ languens penitens luxuque solutus,  
 Noctem epulis ludisque, & somno perdere lucem  
 Consuevit: tandem oppressas nova pabula flammæ  
 Accumulata necant; aciesque hebetatur amor  
 Mutato toties; propriâ vi fracta libido  
 Decidit, & lassam subierunt tædia mentem.

Quin

And now, what impious Ways my Wishes took;  
 How they the Monarch, and the Man forsook;  
 And how I follow'd an abandon'd Will,  
 Thro' crooked Paths, and sad Retreats of Ill;  
 How JUDAH'S Daughters now, now foreign Slaves,  
 By turns my prostituted Bed receives:  
 Thro' Tribes of Women how I loosely rang'd  
 Impatient; lik'd To-night, To-morrow chang'd;  
 And by the Instinct of capricious Lust,  
 Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:  
 O, be these Scenes from human Eyes conceal'd,  
 In Clouds of decent Silence justly veil'd!  
 O, be the wanton Images convey'd  
 To black Oblivion, and eternal Shade!  
 Or let their sad *Epitome* alone,  
 And outward Lines to future Age be known,  
 Enough to propagate the sure Belief,  
 That Vice engenders Shame; and Folly broods o'er Grief.

Bury'd in Sloth, and lost in Ease I lay:  
 The Night I revell'd; and I slept the Day.  
 New Heaps of Fewel damp'd my kindling Fires;  
 And daily Change extinguish'd young Defires.  
 By its own Force destroy'd, Fruition ceas'd;  
 And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.

L

No

Quin Animus priscum queritur periisse vigorem,  
 Incultusque diu, amissas desiderat artes;  
 Jam neque Judicii sanum mihi restat acumen,  
 Quo vera amplecti valeam, secludere falsa:  
 Torpescunt pigri sensus; mentique sepultæ  
 Ingenii veteris vestigia nulla supersunt.  
 Ducit opes sensim mala consuetudo, laborque  
 Et Virtus ingrata movent fastidia; fractæ  
 Paulatim frigent effæto in corpore vires,  
 Et blando ulterius Vitio superesse recusant.

Imperium extendunt deliria nostra puellis;  
 Succubui, facilis votis, patiensque minarum;  
 Nympha superba jubet nunc *Persica* syrmate longo  
 Verrere humum & lento spectandum incedere passu;  
 Jamque *Syra* (indignum!) cantus interque Choreas  
 Crure tenus medio vestes succingere cogit.

Illecebris captus, ritusque & dissona Sacra;  
 Quidlibet insanum suadente sequebar Amicâ.  
 Dira *Philistinæ* vereor dum iussa, *Dagonis*  
 Invisi ante aras adolescit flamma; regente  
 Pellice *Chaldaicâ*, *Chaldææ* altaria fumant,  
*Affyrioque* Deo servant redolentia Thura.  
 Usq; novæ meretrici aræ rubuere recentes,

Quot-

No longer now does my neglected Mind  
 It's wonted Stores, and old *Ideas* find.  
 Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,  
 To take the True, or set the False aside.  
 No longer does swift Mem'ry trace the Cells,  
 Where springing Wit, or young Invention dwells;  
 Frequent Debauch to Habitude prevails:  
 Patience of Toil, and Love of Virtue fails.  
 By sad Degrees impair'd my Vigor dyes;  
 Till I Command no longer ev'n in Vice.

The Women on my Dotage build their Sway:  
 They ask; I grant: They threaten; I obey.  
 In Regal Garments now I gravely stride,  
 Aw'd by the PERSIAN Dam'fel's haughty Pride.  
 Now with the looser SYRIAN dance, and sing,  
 In Robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the King.

Charm'd by their Eye, their Manners I acquire;  
 And shape my Foolishness to their Desire.  
 Seduc'd and aw'd by the PHILISTINE Dame,  
 At DAGON'S Shrine I kindle impious Flame.  
 With the CHALDEAN'S Charms her Rites prevail;  
 And curling Frankincense ascends to BAAL.  
 To each new Harlot I new Altars dress;      And

Quotque arsi Nymphas, colui tot sacra Deosque.

Quo fugit Ratio, sensus deluse? paterni  
 Quo sese eripuit Majestas ardua regni?  
 Quò fugere sacræ Virtutis Dogmata, vivo  
 Quæ data fonte DEUS primis mihi tradidit annis;  
 Dum veneror cæcas *Phariâ* monstrante puellâ  
 Effigies, nuper Cælo data numina, quorum  
 Fana suis hos ante dies haud viderat oris  
*Judæa*; infames Superos, armenta Deorum  
 Turpia, *Osirin*, *Apin*, pronum pecus; & sua thura  
 Et ritus habet obscænos latrator *Anubis*.  
 Quin marmor vetitâ sylvosi montis in umbrâ  
 Cædebam in varias facies, cæsoque ferebam  
 Ipse preces supplex: mediâque palude, nefandâ  
 Religione ardens, colubras muscasque verebar.  
 Nec non & Plantæ virgultaque yilia cultus  
 Accepere suos, timuique quod ante ferebam:  
 Omnia honore sacro donans Animalia, solum  
 Præterii, cælum & terras Qui numine torquet.

Per cæcam hanc animi nubem tristesque per umbras  
 Tenuia cæperunt jam tandem albescere lucis  
 Semina; nascentis radii nova flammula spargi  
 Per nubem, optatæ præstans promissa dici. Men-



And serve Her God, whose Person I carefs.

Where, my deluded Sense, was Reason flown?  
 Where the high Majesty of DAVID's Throne?  
 Where all the Maxims of Eternal Truth,  
 With which the Living GOD inform'd my Youth?  
 When with the lewd EGYPTIAN I adore  
 Vain Idols, Deities that ne'er before  
 In ISRAEL's Land had fix'd their dire Abodes,  
 Beastly Divinities, and Drones of Gods:  
 OSIRIS, APIS, Pow'rs that chew the Cud,  
 And Dog ANUBIS, Flatt'rer for his Food:  
 When in the Woody Hill's forbidden Shade  
 I carv'd the Marble, and invok'd its Aid:  
 When in the Fens to Snakes and Flies, with Zeal  
 Unworthy human Thought, I prostrate fell:  
 To Shrubs and Plants my vile Devotion paid;  
 And set the bearded Leek, to which I pray'd:  
 When to all Beings Sacred Rites were giv'n;  
 Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heav'n.

Thro' these sad Shades, this *Chaos* in my Soul,  
 Some Seeds of Light at length began to roll;  
 The rising Motion of an Infant Ray  
 Shot glimm'ring thro' the Cloud, and promis'd Day. And

Mente potens mecum jam pauca revolvere, Regem  
 Despectum vidi: tardè mea jussa Ministri  
 Egerunt, fugitque sacri Reverentia vultûs:  
 Vidi etiam unanimes populos opprobria Regis  
 Certatim proferre, suisque obducere nubem.  
*Davidis* oravit generi meliora Sacerdos,  
 Et sermone vago latè mea crimina pandit.  
 Dum Pater erranti vitæ per lubrica nato  
 Monstraret vitiorum exempla miserrima; mores  
 Ille meos, & me, celato nomine, pinxit.  
 Hoc Custos iterum atque iterum memoravit Alumnis;  
 Principe deliro Sanus præstantior Infans.

In me converti Rationis lumen, & intam  
 Altius ut mentem scrutabar, plura dolebam;  
 Me latè dominantem, in terris Numinis instar,  
 Agnoscunt Gentes, vultuque & voce inveniuntur;  
 Vincula libertasque, infamia turpis, honorque,  
 Et Fata à nostro pendent trepidantia nutu.  
 Heu! nimium jactat sese mea gloria; Regem  
*Judææ* innumeri cogunt servire Tyranni:  
 Multa cohors Venerum & Vitiorum infana Caterva  
 Principis everse menti dominantur; & Ipse,  
 Quem decuit leges libertatemque tueri,  
 Ipse jugo turpi submittit colla, protervi

Man-

And now one Moment able to reflect,  
 I found the King abandon'd to Neglect,  
 Seen without Awe, and serv'd without Respect.

I found my Subjects amicably joyn,  
 To lessen their Defects, by citing Mine.  
 The Priest with Pity pray'd for DAVID'S Race;  
 And left his Text, to dwell on my Disgrace.

The Father, whilst he warn'd his erring Son,  
 The sad Examples which He ought to shun,  
 Describ'd, and only nam'd not SOLOMON.

Each Bard, each Sire did to his Pupil sing,  
 A Wife Child better than a Foolish King.

Into My self my Reason's Eye I turn'd;  
 And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.  
 A mighty King I am, an Earthly God:  
 Nations obey my Word, and wait my Nod;  
 I raise or sink, imprison or set free;  
 And Life or Death depends on My Decree.  
 Fond the *Idea*, and the Thought is vain:  
 O'er JUDAH'S King ten thousand Tyrants reign.  
 Legions of Lust, and various Powers of Ill  
 Insult the Master's Tributary Will:  
 And He, from whom the Nations should receive  
 Justice and Freedom, lyes Himself a Slave,

Tor-

Mancipium Domini, stimulosque cupidinis acres  
Sentit iners, sævoque piger sub Verbere torpet.

Te compello iterum, ô Ratio! miserere doloris  
Effusi, miserere, oro, & succurre labanti.  
Nimirum cælis Sapientia nascitur; altos  
Hinc ducit radios, hominumque in pectora torquet.  
Hæc tamen humanæ Regina altissima mentis  
Sceptra parum metuenda manu sustentat inerti;  
Incola si gravior furgat, folioque potitam  
Vi majore premens, cogat fibi cedere Victor.

Sis verò licet imbellis, sis mollis inersque,  
Confilio tamen orba tuo Mens inscia, cursu  
Incauto tutæ vestigia linqueret alta  
Virtutis, vitiique incerto in calle periret.

Ut mulcet placidâ nares dulcedine fragrans  
Unguentum, lætas pertentat suaviter aures  
Laudis honos meritæ; quod si labatur in urnam  
Muscula, contacti dulces violantur odores;  
Balsamaque, heu! quantum mutata, inamabile spirant.  
Sic minimas laves inter pulcherrima facta  
Si spargas hinc inde, lues subnascitur atra,

Con-

Tortur'd by cruel Change of wild Defires,  
Lash'd by mad Rage, and scorch'd by brutal Fires.

O Reason! once again to Thee I call:  
Accept my Sorrow, and retrieve my Fall.  
Wisdom, Thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her Birth;  
Her Beams transmitted to the subject Earth.  
Yet this great Empress of the human Soul  
Does only with imagin'd Pow'r controul;  
If restless Passion by Rebellious Sway  
Compells the weak Usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and Coward, as thou art!  
Without thy poor Advice the lab'ring Heart  
To worse Extremes with swifter Steps would run,  
Not sav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone.

Oft have I said; the Praise of doing well  
Is to the Ear, as Oyntment to the Smell.  
Now if some Flies perchance, however small,  
Into the Alabaſter Urn should fall;  
The Odors of the Sweets inclos'd would dye;  
And Stench corrupt (sad Change!) their Place supply.  
So the least Faults, if mix'd with faireſt Deed,  
Of future Ill become the fatal Seed:

M

Into

Contrahit informes maculas purissima Virtus,  
Paulatimque fluens diffunditur undique pestis.

Infelix SOLOMON! mitte has de pectore curas:  
Quin vitæ recolas errores mille peractæ;  
Demissis tacitè lacrymis, quòd, facta Bonorum  
Carminè dum celebret Mûsa immortalis, honores  
Accumulans famæ meritos; tua crimina sola  
Voce canet clarâ, neque regia carpere parcat  
Nomina, mansurum infundens nimis æqua venenum.

Me tandem eripui è fomnis, oculosque patentes  
Conscius erexi; bilem movere cohortes  
Fæmineæ, Turbæque Deorum: stat mihi certum  
Immotumque animo, paulatim emergere ab alto  
Oceano Vitii: Querulos hinc mæsta refurgens  
Mûsa modos renovat, culpatque fugacia vitæ  
Gaudia; sublimique audens se attollere pennâ,  
Spes hominum fragiles sævi ludibria fati,  
Divitias frustra aggestas, ingrataque honorum  
Tædia prosequitur, miseræque libidinis atræ  
Blanditias: aperitque dolos, nugasque fatetur.

Into the Balm of pureſt Virtue caſt,  
Annoy all Life with one contagious Blaſt.

Loſt SOLOMON! purſue this Thought no more:  
Of thy paſt Errors recollect the Store:  
And ſilent weep, that while the Deathleſs Muſe  
Shall ſing the Juſt; ſhall o'er their Head diſſuſe  
Perfumes with lavish Hand; She ſhall proclaim  
Thy Crimes alone; and to thy evil Fame  
Impartial, ſcatter Damps and Poyſons on thy Name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,  
Much of my Women, and their Gods aſham'd,  
From this Abyſs of exemplary Vice  
Reſolv'd, as Time might aid my Thought, to riſe;  
Again I bid the mournful Goddeſs write  
The fond Purſuit of fugitive Delight:  
Bid her exalt her melancholy Wing,  
And rais'd from Earth, and ſav'd from Paſſion, ſing  
Of human Hope by croſs Event deſtroy'd,  
Of uſeleſs Wealth, and Greatneſs unenjoy'd,  
Of Luſt and Love, with their fantaſtic Train,  
Their Wiſhes, Smiles, and Looks deceitful all, and vain.

